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DEVOTED TO THE UNDERWATER WORLD

April 1957 35c



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SKIN DIVER MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Underwater World

P. O. Box 128

Lynwood, California, U.S.A.

Telephone LOrain 7-1367

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Volume VI

Number 4

April 1957

Editorial

About the biggest thing to happen to skin divers and their families in Southern California this month will be the enormous display and surrounding activities at the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles during the Sportsmen's Show, April 4 through 14. Exhibits will be on hand from the major manufacturers, Council of Diving Clubs, and the "Underwater Theatre", operated and manned by the Los Angeles County Dept. of Parks and Recreation Underwater Section. An additional attraction at the show this year will be "Skin Diver" Magazine Water Rescue and Recovery demonstration by lifeguards during the big outside show which will also include Olympic diving champion Pat McCormick. The Water Rescue and Recovery portion of the show is labeled "Race for Life." All sports will be represented at the show and underwater people are especially proud of the space and attention given to our sport this year. Be sure to attend.

This is the year for the second big "Inter-American Underwater Spearfishing Championships". This event takes place every other year, the location for the 1957 contest is Varadero Beach, near Havana, Cuba, and the date will be August 11 or 18. Teams from all over the Americas will descend on Cuban waters to select the All-American spearfishing Champions, teams are expected from Haiti, Cuba, Mexico, B.W.I., Brazil, Canada, Panama, Venezuela and the United States. Capt. Armando J. Piedra, Calle 2 No. 122, Marianao, Marianao, Havana, Cuba . . . is the Director of the 1957 Championships and wishes to correspond with countries eligible to compete in the championships. Reduced rates at the local hotel facilities are expected. The defending champions are the *Long Beach Douglas Tridents* of Long Beach, California.

CALIFORNIA COUNCIL OF DIVING CLUBS MEETING

APRIL 8

A council meeting will be held on April 8 at 8 p.m. at the North American Aviation Recreation Building, 12145 Woodruff St., Downey, California. (1/2 block north of Imperial Highway)

Clubs are urged to send a representative as this is the first meeting in months and will cover the legislative bills introduced by the Council in the present session of the California State Legislature. Clubs will be called upon to help put these through and must know what they are about.

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APRIL COVER PHOTOGRAPHS—WHISKEY, Scotch and Irish Whiskey . . . and old too, nearly a century old. Before you get the wrong impression of the divers on the April cover it might be best to tell you that they have just recovered the liquid joy from the "Scottish Prince", sunk in 1887 off the coast of Queensland, Australia. Salvors in the two photographs include: Don Weston, Hal Rignold, Ron Johnson, Ron Isbel, Vic Ellem, Harry Cotton, Bill Hughes and Lyle Davis. Read the adventurous account of the salvage on Page 12.

Skin Diver



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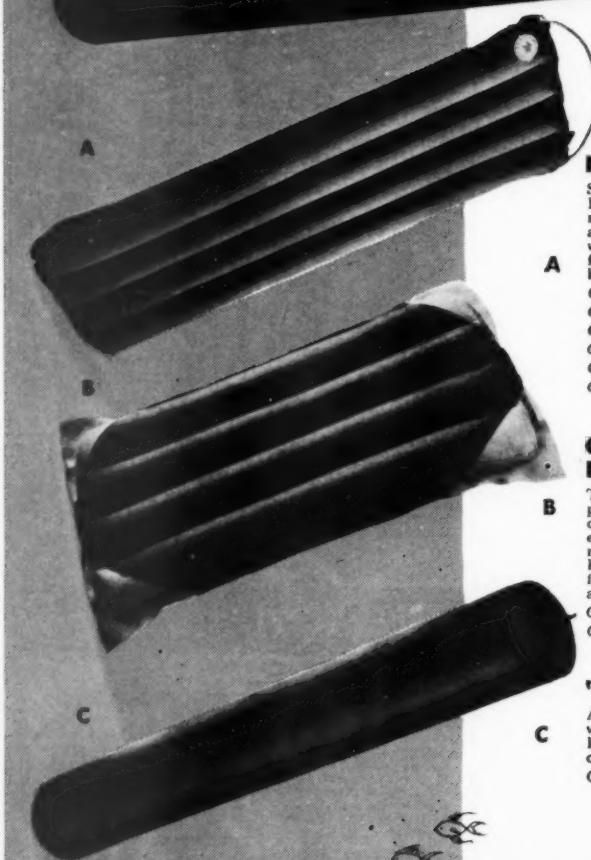
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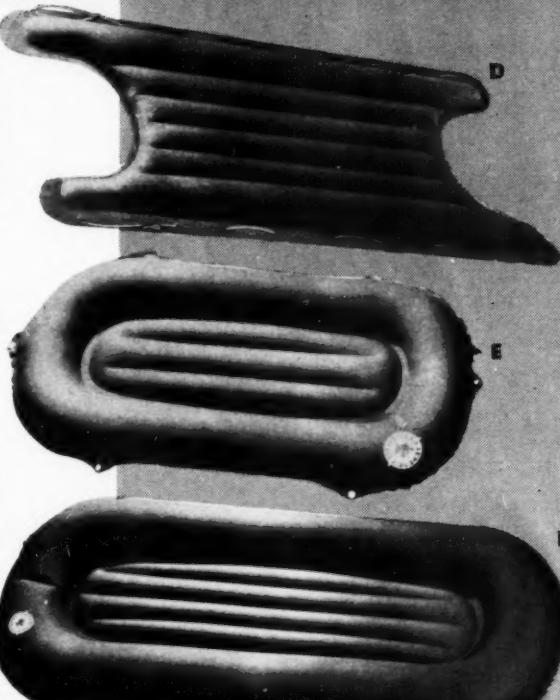
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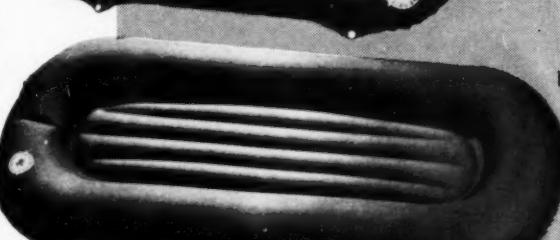
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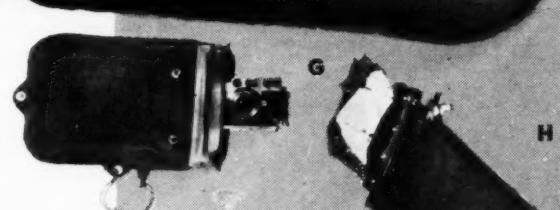
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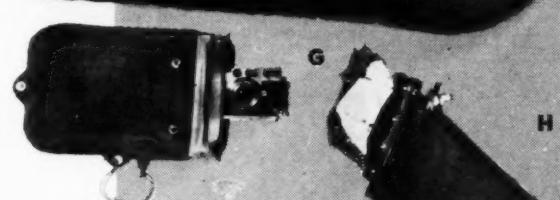
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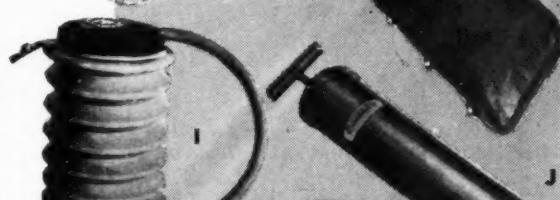
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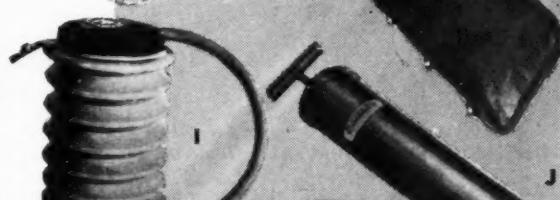
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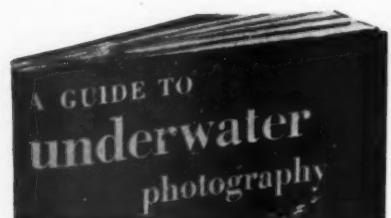
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Letters

While this incident is still fresh in my mind I think I will try to let others benefit from it.

Last summer I went to Florida for a wonderful vacation and I took some skin diving lessons. Some lady fell into the bay and dropped her keys. My instructor, who was right there because we had just finished a lesson, let me dive for them. I had such a wonderful time while looking for those keys, which I never found, I wanted my own scuba.

When I came back to school in the fall my Physics teacher said we were going to make a project pertaining to Physics. I decided to try to make a lung, in spite of all I have read about homemade lungs. I worked hours converting an airplane regulator, fixing a harness, and the other things necessary for making a lung. I finally finished it and tried it out in the YMCA pool with the rest of our high school swimming team as onlookers. It worked. After it had been graded and returned, I took it back to the "Y" for a last fling. You know there aren't too many places to use an aqua lung in central Illinois.

Everything was fine and I was enjoying myself wholeheartedly when my air ran out. I could have turned on the reserve supply if I had had a wrench with me. I figured now was a good time to try out my lesson in diving without a lung. I took it off (at least had sense enough to have quick-release belts) and began to come up. I thought about letting my air out and rising slowly. It's not as easy as it sounds. You get scared. I wanted to get to the top as fast as possible. I also wanted to hold my breath. I forced myself to do neither and I am no worse for the experience. I am a good deal smarter though. I would like to make a plea to all skin divers. DO NOT USE HOMEMADE EQUIPMENT. Follow the example that I am now setting and use only good quality gear.

Skin diving can be a good safe sport if we divers would just use our better judgment ALL of the time.

Yours, most sincerely,

Joe Thompson
Champaign, Illinois

. . . Much to my annoyance I have changed my address from Wampant, Tasmania to Maneeba, Queensland, Australia. Maneeba is 45 miles from the coast and the Great Barrier Reef is another 45 miles due east, hence my underwater activities are rather lax. However I find much enjoyment in the regular copies of Skin Diver and thank you very much.

In the near future I hope to be able to take a trip to our famed Barrier Reef and will report to you on the completion of such a trip. The clarity of the water is amazing and there are literally oodles of fish varieties to shoot at. Last time out five panther rays, approximately 6-7 feet across gave me quite a thrill (thrill being my definition of scared stiff.)

Sharks are prevalent, too, although mishaps with sharks are at present unknown among lung divers, maybe due to the fact that very few divers have ventured to the reef because of the distance involved and the inability to hire launches to undertake the voyage. As yet an underwater camera is out of the question until a home and car are paid for, but the possibilities, as far as underwater photography are concerned, are enormous.

A little spearfishing in the local rivers is

LETTERS (Continued on page 9)



SKIN DIVER

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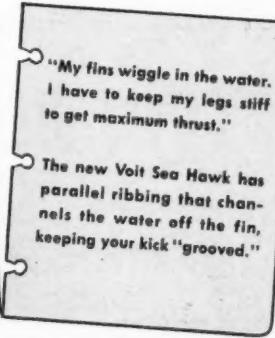
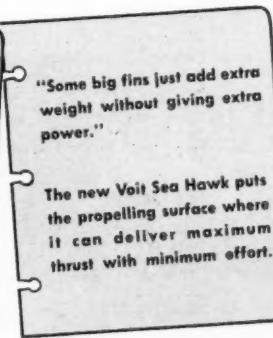
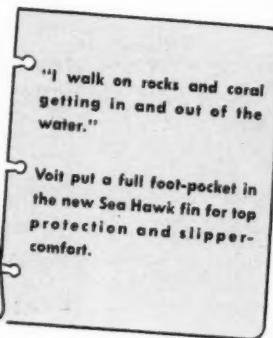
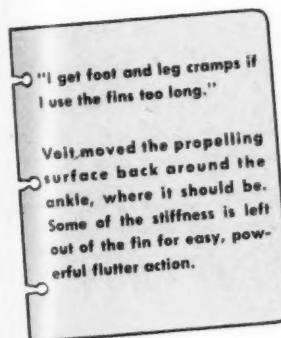
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SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

SKIN

Letters

(Continued on page 6)

undertaken, but due to the shallow and extremely murky water, the less said the better.

In closing may I compliment you on a brilliant magazine which improves with every issue, although the advertisements are too prolific (only because they tend to make me tear my hair because the goods advertised are unobtainable to me).

Malcolm E. Wilson
Maneeba, Queensland, Australia

... Divers Deep Freeze, SD February '57, brought to mind a little incident that recently happened to me. During one of Montana's notorious January cold spells of a few days ago (-50 F), I was aroused around 4:30 in the morning by a hissing sound near the head of my bed. I found my new, and as yet untried, Mark VII CO₂ gun to be leaking gas. The cylinder was frosted white. I took a pair of gloves and gingerly unscrewed the bottle from the gun. Nothing disastrous happened as a result of this, so I took the bottle to the kitchen and submerged it in a basin of warm water. I increased the temperature to all that my hands could stand and although the cylinder seemed to be warm clear through the gas continued to escape. It completely emptied itself, as I tried it on the gun a bit later. The gun had been standing against an outside wall and very near a window, so the temperature must have been pretty far down. I don't know if the valve was permanently damaged or not.

I would be most interested to find out any other instances of any equipment failures that any one else might have due to extreme temperature variations.

Gene Lloyd
Butte, Montana

... You might be interested to know "Skin Diver" is well-known to us in Donelson. Two years ago we organized the second skin diving club in Tennessee, missing first place by a mere week.

Thanks to efforts of the local club, the Donelson Skin Divers, we now have a complete equipment outlet and our own air station—beating our parent city, Nashville, to the punch. So far, we are still the only club in Middle Tennessee. The other club is located in Knoxville, in the eastern part of the state.

Oddly enough, our weekly was the first Tennessee newspaper to take an underwater picture and publish it. This was done when the local club was formed. Equipment was crude but it worked—the camera, a 35 mm, was slipped into a rubber glove and the wrist opening "sealed" with a piece of glass cut at the local lumber yard! And it worked!

We would like to extend an invitation to you to pay us a visit and explore some of Tennessee's "Great Lakes" if you are ever in this part of the country. Our giant TVA lakes are usually clear and always fresh and clean. Fresh water diving might be an interesting change for you salt water boys and we can promise you a real Tennessee welcome. Don't forget rubber suits as water in these lakes gets pretty nippy below 30 ft.

A. H. Roberts
The Donelson Diary
Donelson, Tenn.

... I've been reading your magazine for quite a while now, and in reading I've always been interested in your letters to the editor, articles and excerpts from clubs all over the U.S.

There are a few of us fellows in the San Luis Obispo-Morro Bay area who would like to organize a real club, an active club open to all.

Today we put a show on Television (KVEC-TV) explaining a need for Organization, Scuba Courses, and Water Safety in general. We showed a 15 minute film called the "Blue Continent" and then a regular question and answer interview. We demonstrated equipment and the basic equipment used in skin diving.

Several doctors and one electronics engineer has contacted me since then and at least we've got a foothold.

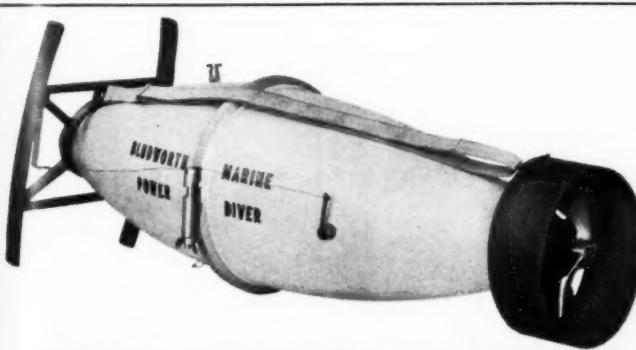
For several months now we've been working on a proposed Scuba Course which so far is not going too well. We've still got to convince the Recreation Board of its value to the community. Any ideas from anyone would help.

We've got a free pool. We've got the equipment and we've got the instructors all public service (Gratis). We've got everything but the green light from the Recreation Board. They want to know where the liability will be placed! Any Ideas?

Jim Allen
P.O. Box 483
Morro Bay, Calif.

... I would appreciate any info you could give me about diving in Japan as that is where I shall be.

A/1c Junior Toomey
35th Air Police Box 31
APO 328 San Francisco, Calif.



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SKIN DIVER—April, 1957



Launching Ron Isbel's catamaran to search for the "Prince." Complete with outboard motor, the catamaran was used as a base for the operation and discovery of the "Scottish Prince."

IN QUEST OF THE SCOTTISH PRINCE

By LYLE DAVIS

(Reprinted by special permission of Anglers Digest)

On October the third, 1886, the 1,000 ton steel barque Scottish Prince sailed from Glasgow for Queensland, Australia, laden with 1,500 tons of mixed cargo which included stoves, sewing machines, Scotch and Irish whiskey, pig iron, barrels of ale, iron piping, lime juice, ginger, vinegar, roofing iron, merchandise of all descriptions and 28 passengers.

All went well and a safe, if not speedy, crossing was made. On the 3rd of February, 1887, Scottish Prince sailed serenely off the Queensland coast. That night, the last before she was due to arrive off Brisbane, the seas were smooth, the wind was light and the vessel was tacking her way past Southport, just north of the Queensland-New South Wales border.

The Captain, thinking he was well out to sea, put her on a land tack and before anyone realized an error had been made, Scottish Prince was literally on the land. The boat shuddered to a halt, hard aground about a quarter of a mile off the shore of Southport.

As time went on the position deteriorated and the passengers were taken ashore when it was realized that the ship was doomed.

The weather became worse and efforts were made to salvage the cargo. All goods, which would float, were thrown overboard to be washed ashore and as much, as could be taken by small boats in the short period left, was removed. However, a storm came up and wrecked the ship. When the storm abated the ship was completely submerged. Belated efforts were made to salvage further goods but were abandoned.

Whisky and ale was periodically washed ashore and the local finders kept custom officers busy locating hidden hauls.

Slowly but surely, the ever-moving sands engulfed the Prince completely and she joined the ranks of forgotten ships, her cargo hidden away in Davy Jones' locker.

This could have been the end of the chapter but, as stories are sometimes retold, so too was the story of the Scottish Prince. Nearly a century later, as the tale was heard, we of the Queensland Underwater Research Group took up the threads and sought to probe the past.

I hired a small Auster monoplane and, with Don Weston, our field officer and Bill Hughes photographer, we headed out over the calm green Pacific sceptical, yet hopeful.

An hour's flight and the wreck of the Columbus Wallace was located off Jumpin' Pin, some miles north of Southport. Very little remained visible above the sandy sea-bed and as conditions were good, we decided on a run to the area in which the Prince was believed to be, with the hope that the sands may have moved and again disclosed their secrets.

After slowly circling at 500 feet for half an hour, to get the sun at the correct angle, we were about to head for home with slight pangs of disappointment when a dark outline showed up about half a mile off shore. Could it be that we had located the long forgotten Prince or was it only a shallow reef?

We circled at varying heights and just at the right light and angle there was no mistaking it. It was definitely the outline of a ship, and quite a big one. We made runs across the wreck towards different land marks to take bearings, then headed for home excited by the thought that we had perhaps renewed a link with the past.

It was October 1955, just 69 years since the Prince left on her last voyage.

Then began an intensive search of records to acquaint ourselves with everything that was known about the Scottish Prince, until we were as familiar with her as her own master.

Next came the difficult job of locating the ship from the water itself.

As interest was high it was decided to hire a launch to take the whole group out on the adventure. However, as is always the case, the good weather which had prevailed

(Continued on page 14)

Australian divers start out from the beach for the area of the wreck.



(Continued from page 13)

during the week changed on the Sunday and by the time we arrived in the vicinity of the wreck, the sea was rough and dirty.

My large ski was thrown overboard and with Don McMillan and Tex Kenny we boarded it with difficulty.

Unfortunately the bearings I had taken from the plane could not be sighted as the sand hills on the beach had completely blocked our view.

Conditions were getting worse with a stiff Nor-Easter stirring up the murk and although I knew we were pretty close, we realized our task was hopeless, so we returned to the launch and headed for home.

To avoid further waste of money and time we decided to form a reconnaissance group from the most experienced members of the Group and to tackle the problem from the beach on the few good skis we had which were suitable to carry the men and necessary gear.

To get bearings to ski out in the water, two of us walked along the top of the sandhills, until we had the correct reading on our prismatic compasses on the bearings taken from the plane, then faced the sea and signalled another member out on the beach at the edge of the water to move into a reciprocal bearing position. The ski then went out to sea and lined the men on the beach up with the men on the sandhills or rather that was to be the procedure. But once again the old man of the sea resented our intrusion. After the outboard motor had been swamped by heavy breakers, John Muirhead, Norm Wheatly, and John Goldsmith endeavoured to row out but looped the loop on big breakers at every attempt. Once again our attempt was abandoned to await Father Neptune's pleasure.

Being summer in Queensland we could not count on getting any good water until the weather cooled off, but we had reported the finding of the wreck to the Receiver of Wrecks, Brisbane, made application, and received permission to buoy it.

The next move was to get a friend to fly over the wreck and drop the buoy on the wreck, or near it, and then send us a note on the beach to relate the position of the buoy.

Don Weston made a small aluminum buoy, brightly painted it for easy sighting on the water, and attached 100 ft. of nylon cord with a good lead weight on the other end sufficient to hold in position. The cord was rolled around the buoy in such a manner that it could not foul as it ran off the buoy on hitting the water.

We assembled on the beach with the skis and gear in readiness at the appointed time when the drone of the plane was heard and she circled overhead right on schedule. Harold Kenny, the pilot, located the wreck easily and dropped the buoy. It was almost a direct hit and the note he sent us advised that the wreck was only 20 yards at 120° from where the buoy was bobbing.

After several attempts one ski made it through the breakers and Ron Isbel and Hal Rignold donned their lungs, located the wreck, and moved the buoy over to it, tying it on to part of the wreck. The first time man had touched it for nearly 70 years. The water was so rough and dirty, it would have been impossible to have found her any other way than day from surface craft.

Conditions were too bad to remain there long as the skis were pitching and tossing badly and a strong rip was running. Immediately the buoy was secure, the skis returned to the beach.

Three more attempts were made over the next few months but each attempt was fouled by impossible conditions. One trip was successful, as far as getting out was concerned, but the water was so dirty it was practically a matter of feeling your way about. This was considered too risky in that locality which was known to abound with sharks. So new bearings were taken from the ski and the buoy was removed.

On Friday night, April 13th, 1956, at a committee meeting, it was decided to make another attempt on the following Sunday, particularly in view of the tremendous interest being shown by the local press. We were doubtful if anything would come of it as a North-easter had been blowing in the early part of the week and this always brings dirty water which takes about a week to clear.

However, on the Saturday a Westerly sprang up and our hopes rose a little as this flattens the sea out. We decided to leave at 4:30 a.m. to be out on the water before the sea began to rise as they usually do from about 10 a.m. onwards. For once, the seas were perfect and we had no trouble getting out.

Ron Isbel and Vic Ellem on Ron's catamaran, which had now been powered by a small inboard motor, Don Weston, Harry Cotton and myself on my ski. Ron Johnston, Hal Rignold on Ron's ski, and Bill Hughes on his. We all tied onto the catamaran and easily located the wreck.

Visibility was too poor for good photography, but was good enough to operate. We donned our lungs and broke into two parties of four. Ron Johnston, with his Robot underwater camera; Ron Isbel and myself to explore; and Vic Ellem on guard comprised the group to start at the bow of the ship. Bill Hughes, with his Robot, Harry Cotton, Don Weston and Hal Rignold were to go to the stern.

It was an eerie feeling entering this fantastic underwater world of relics.

At 25 feet we touched the foot thick growth of conger which encased almost every part of the ship. The bow had been split in halves as though by a giant axe, so over the side we went and down.



An outside view of the bow of the Scottish Prince. After nearly seventy years in the water the remains of the ship were completely encrusted with barnacles.

Amazing sights unfolded before our eyes in every cavern of twisted conger-covered plates. Fish of all shapes and sizes swam leisurely about, accepting us as marine creatures, as they had obviously never before seen a man-fish.

In the topmost cavern up near the bowsprit, hovered a beautiful big blue groper as though he considered himself King of the underwater castle. He gazed curiously out at us but, when we approached, he retired just a little further into his court as we were too new to be entirely trusted at first sight.

Down we went on to the vast desert of sand in which the wreck rested; 42 feet registered on the depth gauges. Right under the bowsprit which curved over our heads 15 feet up, one fluke of the large anchor protruded through the sand and 5 or 6 feet away the end of the stern also showed above the sand.

There was very little growth on this, which indicated that it had only recently been uncovered from its sandy grave.

We cruised slowly around the bow and back towards mid-ship, entering dim caverns here and there in search of mobile relics. In every cavern there was at least one repulsive whiskered wobbly-gong shark up to six or seven feet

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long. Most of them begrudgingly moved over to allow us to enter their domain but some openly resented the intrusion and snapped with their small whiskered mouth fitted with hundreds of small needle-like teeth, like an angry dog.

However, Vic Ellem had become as adept at wielding his tomahawk as a knight of old and in one instant when a wobby was backing up on me he almost severed his tail with one mighty sweep. This apparently gained its respect for it immediately vacated its premises without the usual week's notice and left to seek new and less disrespectful company.

Ron Isbel had a slight cold and was having trouble clearing his ears, so as conditions were too bad for photography, Ron Johnston escorted Ron Isbel back to the surface in accordance with our rules of procedure, and Vic and I continued on. We located some galvanized iron in surprisingly good condition when Vic's air supply reached emergency; he turned his bypass valve on, gave me a signal, and I escorted him to the surface.

I was using the latest twin cylinder Porpoise which gives me about two hours underwater when filled to maximum, so was about to go down again with Ron Johnston, when Hal Arnold broke surface about 50 feet away towards the rear of the wreck, waving a decrepit old barnacle-covered bottle. We could not believe our eyes when we saw a broken lead seal on the cap which read "Only Genuine when Bearing our Signature" Ewart and Burke. Bottled in Dublin.

Everything then stopped whilst we sat on our skis and heard Hal describe how he located the bottle. He and Don Weston were probing about in the sand a little aft of amidships when he came across a bottle top sticking out of the sand. He pulled it out but the bottle was empty, and he thought it was probably one that had been dropped overboard by some satisfied angler. However, just in case, he probed in the sand beside it and to his great delight and amazement came out with a bottle filled with amber fluid and bearing a lead seal. He nearly spat his mouthpiece out gurgling and pointing out the bottle to Don. They decided they just could not wait any longer before proudly displaying it to the boys.

It was fairly cold and Hal, not having his bones encased in much fat, was feeling it to the extent of the shakes; we contended it was excitement.

We sat on our skis for a while to warm up a bit. Hal escorted Ron Johnston and me back to where he had located the bottle and then returned to the ski as his air was about finished. Next Harry Cotton and Bill Hughes drifted slowly down through the shafts of misty light filtering through the wreck.

The stories of Jules Verne did not seem the least bit fantastic as we lay there 40 feet below the surface of the ocean in the midst of a storybook Davy Jones' locker with gravity overcome. Our weightless bodies responded to the slightest touch. We watched one manfish preceded by a cloud of bubbles rhythmically and effortlessly disappearing towards the dull gleam of silver of the surface, whilst two more trailed intermittent bubbles as they moved slowly down through the eerie light.

Everything is silent and peaceful and every movement of every living thing is graceful beyond the fondest dreams of even a ballerina.

I forced my attention back to the job at hand and began slowly (all movement underwater is necessarily slow to conserve energy and, consequently, air) to work my hand down through the sand. Almost to the armpit, I touched the smooth surface of a glass bottle. Gently working it free, and pulling back through all that sand takes quite a lot of effort and when I looked at it with great expectancy, it was filled with black sand. I knew my air was getting low as I had been down for over an hour and half. I looked over at Ron Johnston who had just given me a prod with his

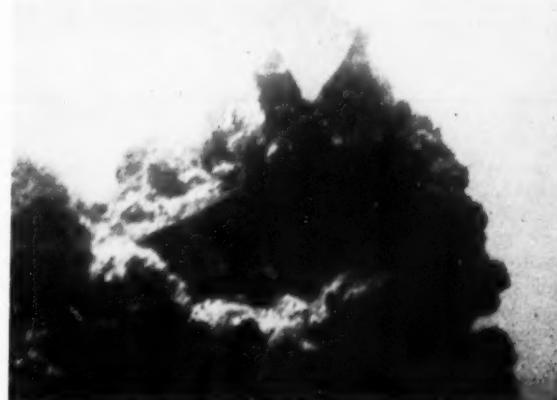
flipped foot and he gloatingly held up a full bottle with the lead seal almost intact.

Down my hand dived again to be rewarded with a full bottle. By this time Ron's air had finished and he went to the surface with Harry and Don came down.

I had two full bottles and five empties on the sand beside me when my air reached reserve level and I had to turn on my bypass valve. Only four minutes left and 40 feet to go with seven bottles, two full and five dead marines, so there was no time to delay further.

I gathered up my bottles, clutching them to my bosom, like a mother with a first born son, and headed for the silver gleam above.

I broke surface only about 20 feet from my ski, swam over and dumped the bottles in the small water-tight latch and, to my horror, one of the full ones broke. Eagerly the other



Another view of the bow section showing a cavern typical of the remainder of the wreck in which fish abounded. This particular cavern was occupied by a 35-lb. blue groper.

lads rowed over but the smell was the same as a stink bomb in the chemistry class at college.

Don Weston spent all the way home sniffing like a trained gun dog trying to identify the elusive (to him) smell.

When the tally was made there were four full bottles, one broken one, and two dozen empties. All air had been used up as we only allowed each man his one unit with no spares owing to the limited transport.

We headed back to the Southport main beach where our cars were parked, filled with elation at the unexpected success of our mission although we had theorised that, as the ship went down in pure sand and filled with the sand almost immediately, there was a slight chance that some of the bottles may still be intact after 70 years, none of us would have bet that we had much chance of getting it.

On our return to the beach we were met by crowds of curious sightseers among whom was Bob Miller, senior of the Brisbane Courier Mail, who permanently recorded the event for us in pictures.

When we arrived back in Brisbane we reported the matter of the salvage to the Chief Collector of Customs and were advised to write a letter to him requesting permission to keep the bottles intact as souvenirs. This was done by our Secretary, Harry Cotton, and we were granted the necessary permission owing to the unusual circumstances under which the dutiable spirits had been brought into the country and the fact that they were not going to be sold.

One bottle was taken to the Government analyst via the Health Dept. and the analysis showed that the whisky was 77% proof spirit with .9% impurities in the form of dead sulphur bacteria, which accounted for the rotten egg smell which still prevails in the hatch of my ski. ■

CRACKPOTS FULL OF GOLD

OR

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT NECESSARILY HEALTHY

WHEN I received the letter last November, I thought its story was a prize crackpot idea for a publicity stunt. This Mr. Covington explained, he had heard about my diving projects before and the hunt for the *Monitor* off the coast of Cape Hatteras caught his attention. So he sent me this story claiming that he knew the whereabouts of \$200,000 in gold in his town of Willisville (shall we say?), N.C.

He seemed so sure, in the letter, that he knew the exact spot of the gold. It sounded to me that he might be cooking up a publicity routine, with me, as the scapegoat for the whole deal.

I mean, who could believe a story about \$200,000 worth of gold stowed in an old apple butter pot and dumped in a shallow river over 125 years ago and still expect it to be there today?

Mr. Covington tried to give the background in his letter. It seems that over a century ago, this Mr. Angus owned a roadside inn. He ran a heavy busi-

ness in robbing and disposing of his patrons in old-fashioned gangland style. Mr. Angus and his cronies sold the victims' horses and slaves and threw the carriages in the river.

On his deathbed, Mr. Angus must have suffered a pang of conscience, for in the presence of neighbors, he confessed to his crimes.

In the group of witnesses to Angus' story was a little 10 year old messenger boy for the old man named Gum Shepard.

He heard and remembered Angus tell about how he had his slave cache the gold in an apple butter pot and throw it in the river.

The neighbors even located the slave and confirmed the story.

But I still couldn't understand why they didn't try to find the apple butter pot, and Mr. Covington didn't try and tell me in the letter.

He did write that Angus' roadside inn was burned to the ground two years after his death, and a farmer who

bought the land claimed that he found 30 skeletons in his first year of plowing.

That probably started off the superstitious stories about Angus' inn being haunted, and the pot of gold having a curse on it.

Let's admit it, this skin diver is game to try anything, besides, with a little checking with Mr. Louis T. Moore, retired head state historian, who now lives in Wilmington, and a reporter from the Raleigh *News and Observer*, who did some research for me, I found that the story had a little solid truth in it. So with a companion, Lowell Flowers, we left for Willisville one Saturday morning last December.

The town itself was weird. It is located in the mountains near Charlotte and has a population of about 300 to 350. A pretty backward place, we decided. Flowers and I came to the conclusion that the people must belong to a religious sect or else they were so backward and ignorant that supersti-



BOB MARX

By

Robert Marx



LOWELL FLOWERS

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

tion was a big thing in their lives. All the men wore overalls and the women wore the same kind of dresses. We looked up Mr. Covington. He was quite a character around 75 years old and wearing a long grey beard and a tasseled cap.

He claimed he was a mineralogist, physicist, writer and historian. Flowers and I could believe that looking at his ancient house. He had all kinds of junk strewn about it.



I asked Covington what got him so interested in looking for that chest, and why he was so sure it was even there. He told me that he first got interested in the story about 30 years ago, when a man named Shepard came to him and wanted Covington to help him locate the chest. Covington was in the well drilling business, and Shepard wanted to borrow some rope to drag the river. This Shepard, we found, was the grandson of that messenger boy Gum Shepard. He lived about a mile from the site of the old inn.

The story from Covington was that Shepard's Father—Gum's son—was swimming in the old swimming hole

right off the site of the old inn around 60 years ago. He was with several boys, and they were diving off an old overhanging tree. Shepard dived off and was swimming underwater when he located the chest by accident. It was too heavy for him to pull to shore, so they boys took a rope and dragged it toward the bank. The line broke. Shepard went down to tie the line again but the chest had disappeared. The water was only 10 or 12 feet deep where he first found the chest, but Shepard found a drop off only a few yards away. He searched all day for the chest and finally found it in 25 feet of water. But he couldn't stay down long enough to bring it up.

When Shepard went home his father

days to dive 25 or 30 feet and stay down long enough to work. Nobody even wanted to go near the spot.

I asked Covington why he didn't obtain a diver sooner if he knew all this 30 years ago. He claimed he wanted to find someone he could trust, and the old crackpot decided on me.

He wanted half of the loot if Flowers and I could find the chest and raise it. We could split the other half.

When I asked Covington to take me to the river and show me the spot, the old man suddenly backed down nervously and refused. That superstition that had such a big effect on those people worked on him, too.

Covington told us to locate a man named Cooke, who would find the spot for us.

was furious. Gum told the boy never to go back there again, for the chest had a curse on it and ghosts were guarding it. When the townsfolk found that the boys had found the chest, they all forbade them to swim there again. Everyone seemed to be terrified to think about it.

Nobody ever went back for the chest since it was almost impossible in those

Flowers and I began to realize what we were up against. This Cooke was a sidekick or henchman or something of Covington's and did all the work.

When we found Cooke, we were in for a shock. He was around 55, wore the local overalls, and I don't think he knew how to use a razor. Or maybe he

"GOLD" (Continued on page 18)

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"GOLD" (Continued from Page 17)

just didn't know what water was, for he smelled just as bad as he looked. He was drunk and looked like he stayed that way.

We got down to business without wasting time. When we told him that Covington wanted him to show us the swimming hole, Cooke got jumpy, too. After a while he said he would show us the spot if we would give him half the loot. Since Covington wouldn't act as a guide, there was nothing we could do but play along with Cooke and promise the cut. We were in for more shocks.

When Cooke took us to the river, we were astounded to find that it was no more than 200 to 300 yards wide with plenty of shallow spots in the river where a person could walk across. The water was cold from the mountain streams that fed into it.

I asked Cooke to show us the exact spot and he mumbled that we had better leave, because he was still upset about bothering the ghosts and the curse on the chest.

Finally I convinced Cooke that all he had to do was show us the spot where the chest was sunk and if the ghosts were going to eat anybody it would be Flowers and me.

We climbed a hill and he showed us three different spots!

This was getting ridiculous. Covington said he knew the exact spot and I was getting short of time. We had only two days to dive on this job because I was leaving for Puerto Rico.

We couldn't search that whole river in a day.

We drove back to town, dropped Cooke off and looked up Covington once more. I told him the whole deal was off if he couldn't show me the exact spot.

Suddenly I remembered the man named Shepard who wanted to drag the river with Covington.

I told Covington I was going to see Shepard and find the exact place. Covington didn't like the idea. He said Shepard was a moonshiner and didn't like outsiders. But I decided to take the risk. Besides, I think Covington didn't want anybody to get a cut out of the pot.

Flowers and I went to see Shepard. If we were surprised at Cooke's appearance, we were flabbergasted at Shepard. He was sitting in a rocking chair on the porch of his two room cabin, with a shotgun in his lap.

He was wearing the overalls and needed a shave badly. This joker couldn't even speak the King's English and I could only understand half the words he said.

He took us inside and I swear there

were 15 people living in that two room cabin.

I told Shepard why we had come to see him. He didn't seem the least bit interested.

We decided to work up to the story about the chest. After about an hour of talking on every other subject we could think of, I finally got him to talk about the loot. He told exactly the same story Covington had, and even included the ghost guarding the chest.

He told me the location of the right swimming hole and how to find a certain overhanging tree. He even told how the bottom was and certain rocks to find that would lead me to the dropoff.

Then Shepard warned us to stay away from the old swimming hole, but if we were going to look for it, half of the loot would belong to him.

Suddenly several other men in the family chimed in and said it would belong to them too.

Flowers and I got out before the argument got too involved.

We went back to Covington and told him what Shepard had said. By that time it must have been 8 p.m. and we couldn't dive that day.

We checked into a boarding house run by an old woman. It was kind of a spooky joint . . . our room had two big iron beds in it, covered with sheets made out of flour sacks and old fashioned quilts. There wasn't any running water and we used a pitcher and basin to wash. On the wall was a large old fashioned picture of a woman with long hair.

We fell asleep around 10 p.m. and about 10:30 I was awakened by someone pounding on my door. When I answered, this little old man about 80 years old came in talking a mile a minute about that chest. He said if we raised it, all Angus' victims would haunt us. He was a real screwball. I told him that I was going to dive anyway and wasn't afraid of ghosts.

The old man gave me an incantation to use if I should hear voices underwater! I was supposed to say, "Lord, Lord, what do you want, Lord?" He was really serious! I laughed and asked him how I was going to shout underwater with a mouthpiece stuffed in my trap. He got mad and left.

Before the night was over we had three other visitors with more crackpot ideas, but managed to get rid of them in a hurry.

About 5:30 the next morning we were awakened this time by Cooke. What a sight to wake up to . . .

We loaded the car and I noticed Cooke had a bulge in his coat, which I just decided was a bottle of booze.

Later I asked him what the bulge

was. When he wouldn't tell me I reached for it.

It was an ancient long barreled revolver. I asked him why he brought that along. Cooke explained it was to make sure that we wouldn't be robbed if I found the loot.

I was beginning to think it was more to make sure Cooke wouldn't be robbed if we found the loot.

I gave it back to him, but didn't like the idea at all.

The river would have been frozen that morning, but the rapids above the innsite prevented it. We followed Shepard's directions and found a spot in the river where it widened and the water was deeper. There were several overhanging trees and I figured that the largest one was the tree in the directions.

Since I had only brought one qualing along, I was going to do the diving alone. I rubbed grease all over my body and then put long Johns on and donned the rubber diving suit. I tied a rope to my waist in case we located the chest and I might be able to use it.

I wore a single tank lung which had enough air for an hour under normal diving conditions. Even with all the grease and long johns on, the water was freezing and after a few minutes my fingers got numb.

After searching the bottom for a few minutes, I came up to get my bearings. I looked around. Several men were sitting on the banks watching me. I looked on the other side of the river. Men were over there, too. Some of them had rifles and shotguns.

I began to get nervous. I swam back to shore and told Flowers and Cooke about the men. As soon as Cooke heard me, he set off down the road like he was going to break Santee's record.

I wasn't exactly fond of Cooke, but I would have felt much better with that pistol at my side.

Flowers and I decided there was nothing to do but keep on diving. Flowers said he would warn me if anything happened.

I kept on searching and each time I came up for bearings, I saw those men sitting there.

Once I came up, I saw Shepard along with the rest of the men and waved at him. The unfriendly old coot wouldn't even wave back!

Just about the time I figured I couldn't stand much more of the cold, I located a certain rock pile and finally the dropoff. I knew my air supply was nearly exhausted and I had to work fast. About two minutes later I ran out of air. Surfacing, I lined up a few trees so I could locate the dropoff again. Then I set out for shore.

"GOLD" (Continued on Page 46)



Surfboarding Today

Terms like *scratching for a wave*, *pull out over the wave* and *wipe-out* probably mean nothing to you unless you happen to be one of those sun-bronzed, well-muscled characters who buys his *aquodynamic* boards from Messrs. Velzy and Jacobs.

There lives amongst us a quiet breed of men who follow a sport guaranteed to separate the men from the boys, although this sport, in actuality, is best approached when one is yet a boy. Says Expert Surf-Boarder (and builder) Hap Jacobs: "Sure a guy can learn the sport at almost any age if he has a decent amount of coordination and balance in him, but the best way to get into it is starting around 15-years of age. Man, those kids are *tremendous* surfers by the time they reach twenty!"

Unlike us sane divers who patiently wait for the water to calm down, following a storm at sea—your shredded-cuff-dungaree-with-a-rope-belt surfboarding enthusiast is quite apt to be as disappointed as the town drunk at a church social if he arrives at the beach to find a serene sea with unclouded waters gently hissing and tumbling. What he wants is exactly what you and I wouldn't chance for a

Text: CARL KOHLER

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Page 46

pril, 1957



loving-cup full of real goldy dollars—those monstrous, thundering rollers found after every storm. Those 12- and 15-foot babies that rise up from a choppy sea, hump their tons of threatening brine into high-crested, curling walls of thundering water—and come racing to the beach with the approximate velocity of a goosed locomotive.

The Surferboarder loves them.

Seated on his wickedly tapered, balsa-wood-fiber-glassed-for-greater-strength board, he chortles (I assume) with glee as he *scratches for the wave*—an almost literal term if you've ever seen a guy digging his hands into the water in an effort to get the streamlined board under way. Once on the wave, he skillfully pulls himself to his feet—balancing himself, Godonlyknowshow, in the forward rush of the gathering wave—and striking a winsome pose, rides the charging wall of ocean until he either skids up in a foot-deep maelstrom of foam . . . or takes one hell of a tumble right into the maw of the tidal monster. This kind of fun—called *wiping-out*—is not for me. I've seen surfboarding top-notchers *deliberately* throw themselves into the drink from sheer, unrestrained happiness. Personally, I think they all go a little mad once they get out there in those rows of white-teethed, churning rollers. At any rate, I've never seen one come in looking as though he were anywhere near worried.

It would worry me.

Should the surferboarder, for some reason, decide not to follow (or, rather, be stampeded with) the wave on in to shore, he proceeds to paddle out of the accelerating roller or *pulls out over the wave* as the Long Board aficionados call it. However, for my money, this only leaves him wait-



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ing for the next one (which will probably be a dilly); so much for all of that maneuver.

The best known spots for surfboarding are: Santa Cruz . . . Rincon Point, Ventura . . . Overhead, Ventura . . . Malibu Beach . . . Hermosa Beach . . . Redondo Breakwater . . . San Onofre and Windensea, La Jolla. Hap Jacobs told me these are but a few of the places where good, big swells are to be found in Southern California.

Dale Velzy and Hap Jacobs have a surfboard manufacturing plant at 4821 Pacific Avenue, Venice, California where, with the nice blend of accumulated craftsmanship and the latest in modern power tools (some of them being real weirdy-looking machines), they turn out some of the most beautiful and seaworthy surfboards made today.

Choosing your board is—aside from choice of color or design—based upon your personal weight and skill. Thus—if you weigh 100-pounds, you'd take an 8-foot board. Should you strain the scales at 200-pounds, an 11-footer would be more your size. As your skill sharpens, you would gradually work down to the smallest board you could ride since the smaller boards give the best ride.

This is what I am informed, you understand. You couldn't get *me* out there if you offered me a slow haul shore-ward on a block-wide platform. But then, I'm considerably past 15 (or even 25, for that matter) and I have my troubles just getting *past* the surf much less court disaster by horsing around in it—even on a fine, custom-built V & J board.

But if *you're* seeking thrills . . .

DALE HAP JACOBS



SKIN DIVER—April, 1957





Off for the point where the reef comes in close . . . Y.M.C.A. Counsellor and mascot.

MASCOT in MEXICO

By: NORMAN FAWLEY JR. AS TOLD TO ROBERT L. HENLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY: BERT EBY

... camp de la staked parachute



If I were sixteen, I could be a member of the greatest club in the world—The Y.M.C.A. Reefers. To me, diving in the ocean is unequaled as a pastime. But, alas, I'm only fifteen and I must remain a mascot for the club one more year. But being a mascot isn't quite so deflating after all. Why, I can go on all the trips with the guys; that is, when the "Y" counsellor takes it upon himself to personally observe my watery efforts.

In July, I got to travel with the Reefers to a drowsy Old Mexico village called Puerto Penasco. We stayed five days and five nights! The nights became as long as the days as we whiled away the sleepless darkness slapping madly at the cursed insects which crawled on and on and on—never resting!

The port of Penasco is a conglomeration of all the unkept cardboard covered huts and rotting fishing boats one has seen in his travels to Old Mexico. To get to this town which bunches itself up alongside the warm waters of the gulf, one must travel, as we did, through Gila Bend, Arizona, then turn south to Sonoyta, Old Mexico. From Los Angeles, the total distance might be 550 miles. The roads are blacktopped on the Old Mexico side except for the unpredictable chuck holes. The chuck holes are so big, scientists have been sent

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

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down to determine whether or not they were caused by meteoric action. The distance from Sonoya to Puerto Penasco is approximately seventy-five miles and 283 lizards. (The latter figure is presumed to be the record of lizards squashed on a one way trip to Puerto Penasco.)

Now I won't say it was hot where we camped, but some of the old timers in the club began complaining. These are merchants of the sea who thrive on hot sands and blistering sunshine. These are men whose backs are so leathery, one of the trolling galapagos turtles made a pass at them! These are men who get so brown and weather-beaten, they resemble a group of Neanderthal men down at the seashore for a dip. Why I think that some of our more intrepid divers are turning to coral at the fingertips!

* * *

The first morning in Choya Bay, the coral lined inlet we chose to camp in, we prepared our equipment and camping facilities which consisted of hastily driving sticks into the ground, casting the parachute on the sticks, staking the billowing monster down and then dashing madly for the beach; the likes of which we had never seen before.

I hit the water a little in the rear of the first chargers because my youthful position with the Reefers sentenced me to five minutes of hard labor digging and arranging the "outhouse" facilities. For that act of age discrimination, I pledged inwardly to show the older boys that we "under sixteeners" could hold our own in the water—and the next time, the guy who spears the smallest fish, digs the largest hole!

I couldn't help but stop on my way to the gently moving shore line, to observe the multi-colored shells resting where the sea had placed them. The small, speckled, brown-glazed shells appeared to be Chestnut Cowries. They nestled next to tons of onyx and western white slippers. This half moon bay was a Mexican paradise not yet discovered by big business or shell hunters.

I expected the water to give me a start as I sat down in the tide's edge. But disappointingly enough, it felt only slightly cooler than the atmosphere. I had never encountered such warm water. I guessed it was a pleasant change from the nippy currents around Catalina Island. I caught a glimpse of a shadowy school of sardine fish as I arranged my flippers, face-plate and snorkel—there, all complete, and ready for my first diving venture in the Gulf of California waters.

* * *

All the rest of the world above this quiet, light-blue void seemed as distant as an echo. I could neither hear sounds, nor did I care to. My face plate revealed the sight of my life to date. The brown, rocky-coral bottom changed character from shifting sand to cavernous hills as I trolled toward the Reef's edge a quarter of a mile off shore. Strange, the water became clearer as I swam further out. I presumed the twenty-two foot tide that rakes the shore area never agitated the bottom this far out.

I sounded to see if the bottom was really as close as it appeared. Down, down, down I kicked. My face-plate drew tighter against my head. Finally, after a seeming eternity of descent I leveled off just inside the cool bottom layer and a fathom above a large brown rock. The rock moved! Instantly, I froze and allowed myself to rise, gun toward the brown monster, expecting the worse. Then, a head the size of a volleyball protruded from one end of the monster. It was a giant sea turtle. I surfaced and watched the beast poke around the bottom grubbing for food.

It goes without saying that I beat a hasty trail out to the rest of the boys who were fishing on the edge of the reef. Incredible! I could stand and rest on the tip-top of the reef and figure the distance to shore around one-mile!

Here certainly was a Mexican paradise—one-mile off shore. It's as tropical here as the great barrier reef in Australia.

The water is as blue, green, silver, purple as Bermudian water. Below me, the reef fish in their colorful array provided all the colors to make the water sparkle with life. I busied myself gathering the stringy coral plants which swayed with the tide. Some of the men became irritated with my coral which I unhesitatingly stuffed into their gunny-sacks supposedly for fish. As I rested on one of the sacks thinking of a way to carry all the coral back that I had harvested, I noticed silver streaks—thousands of them below me and all around the divers. I dived down to get a better look and found myself in the center of a school of

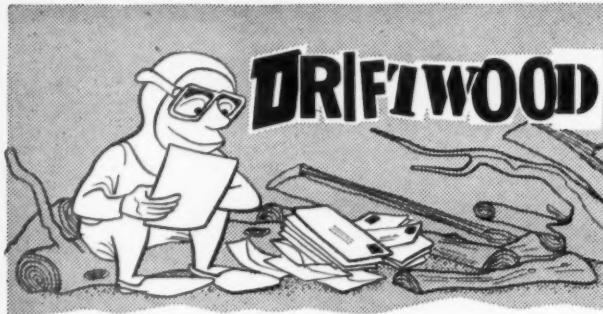
(Continued on Page 44)



Here's one of our nice groupers. We saw many more out there but couldn't hit them. There's one old fogey that lives out in the reefs with eyes the size of a saucer!!

I finally made it back to shore with the gunny sack. The fat awesome thing I'm staring at is bedecked with yellow and black hues. On the sack lay two small grouper.





Brace yourselves . . .

Our little Verse Contest has met an untimely end. A diver named Charley Dennis suggested that such poetical items could be better replaced with something more suitable to this weird page. He thinks we might fitch ourselves a more hysterical time were we to have a Big Lie Department. I'll leave it up to you. Should we have a tall tale contest, running monthly, with cash awards for the most outrageous stories (of not more than fifty words) about your alleged adventures? Okay, down in front and let's have your vote by mail. Meanwhile, back in the crazy old letter pond . . .

PEN PALS, INC . . .

I am 16-years old and a diving enthusiast. So are the members of my family. We are going to Beaumont, Texas, and around Galveston—in June—and I would like some information about any wrecks or interesting places to dive. I would appreciate any information from any tough Texan skin divers in that area.

Carolyn Fitzpatrick
1410 3rd Street
Highlawn
Lexington, Kentucky

Tough Texans? Are there any other kind?

I am 13-years old and about to buy my first Aqua-lung. I sure would like some advice as to just which kind and size I should get—and will be glad to hear from anybody on this.

Howard Dworkin
3403 Tullamore Road
Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio

Man, have times changed. When I was 13, I could barely afford penny-candy and bean-shooters.

This summer I am planning to purchase an Aqua-lung and an underwater camera case. Will anybody interested in exchanging 35 mm Color Slides please contact me?

A 1/C John H. Hollingshead
27 A & E Maint. Squadron
Bergstrom Air Force Base
Austin, Texas

I hope they swamp you, John.

I had no idea you would insert my address in the Driftwood page and I am very grateful. Believe me, the amount of mail I've had is enormous. I have several skin diver pen pals now. My husband and I enjoy answering all the questions about diving, over here, and about new equipment. I have been asked to let them know about a new gun—a sort of Bazooka speargun which operates on a jet-principle—which is the rage in this area. It makes rubber and spring models obsolete, and it's to be exported to the States very soon, I think. When you inserted my address, you misspelled my name. It's PENNONE, not Pumone.

Cecile Pennone
Via Saldini 4
Milan, Italy

A thousand apologies, Cecile, for misspelling your name. Glad to hear you've been deluged with mail.

After you printed my letter, I began getting the most intriguing letters from girls all over the country—then, several from various corners of the world. Many thanks, Kohler. Now Life would be complete if I could have some provocative word from a Mexican

senorita or two—I have an especial liking for anybody or anything Mexican.

Jim Williams
Box 326
La Habra, California

Let's not be greedy about this, man.

Your column seems to be just what I need. I'm looking for a partner for this summer trip; so far, plans have been made for a shoe-string-budget trip to a certain island off Florida's coast. Any one interested in a whole summer of diving can get in touch with me.

Kitty Jean Horrigan
17011 Stockbridge Road
Cleveland 28, Ohio

Well, HEY, now!

I would like a teenage Pen Pal from Finland, preferably a diver. I'm 15-years old and have been diving for 3½ years.

Gary Gilhuly
1212 North 7th Street
Kelso, Washington

Any Finns wanna cue this boy?

I'd like to have some skin diving Pen Pals from the West Coast, Florida, Virgin Islands and Pacific Islands. I'm 15-years old. I don't own a Scuba or a rubber suit, but I do have a deluxe Arbalete. Hope you can get me some teenage friends who are diver enthusiasts.

David Giuliano
587 Academy Avenue
Providence, R. I.

Complain to me if they don't write, Dave.

WEIRD EPISTLE DEPARTMENT . . .

Kohler, you're really square! Well, workbeast, I got some scuttlebutt for you if you can get your mind off those corny girls who write you letters. Most of those dames are so dizzy they would probably drown if they ever went diving. Anyhow, big man, somebody ought to *sic your wife on you!* I got it straight from the shark's mouth that your bosses and the F&G boys are so fed up with you that, from now on, you're going to get keelhauled. Elvis will still have his fans—yeh, man—but you'll have to go back to washing dishes! When you're at the beach—look out for rocks, old buddy! Ha, ha, ha!

James Hand
Pasadena, California

Jeezley. And to think he's probably running around loose among all us sane people.

We Aquateers, of Canada, have read the screwy answers you supply to all the sensible letters you receive. We think we're wise to you. So, herewith: a screwy letter with the hope it will provoke a sensible reply. Here, in Canada, we're working on an automatic Ear Popper. It's based on the theory that a gentle tap on the head will clear a diver's head at the 30-foot level. We've built a spring-loaded rubber mallet—which triggers hydrostatically at 32-feet—onto the front of a regulator. Only trouble we've had, so far, is during a test run—our diving instructor, Ted Brewer, developed *Rapture Of The Depths* at 50-feet and hasn't recovered yet although this unfortunate dive took place a month ago. Can you tell us where to obtain a light-weight, steel helmet that does not give the wearer ringing-in-the-ears when socked by the rubber mallet?

Pete Blank and The Rest
Aquateers of Canada
Camp Borden, Ontario, Canada

If you characters insist upon knocking yourselves out with this madness—that's your business. I want no part of it. What's more—I believe you.

How about solving my problem? I love diving and my big, old muscle-man of a husband used to love diving; but, lately, I can't get him out of the house to take us to the beach for a day's spearfishing. Should I threaten him by saying I'll find somebody else to take me diving? Or is there another way?

Vera Ann Medley
Ogden, Utah

Sure. Try suggesting that he leave you home and enjoy a day by himself. He'll leave that house faster than you can say Na-ging Wife backwards, sideways and in sanskrit.

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April, 1957

Whatter you doin'—tryin' to be a matchmaker, too? Man, ya got da right idea. I'm tall, dark, handsome, intelligent, 19-years old, single, an Electrical Engineering major and I love diving. I've yet to meet a female diver and I'd like to hear from any girl-divers whose enthusiasm for the sport matches mine.

Michael Bard
Reef Wreckers
50 Kenilworth Place
Brooklyn 10, New York

When you say sport, you mean diving, don't you?

Have been reading your column for sometime and think it's the greatest! All the boys in our club think you're the most. But, tell me, dash, if they pay you money for this—how can I cut in on the racket? (*Marry one of Blakeslee's gorgeous daughters.*) We want to know the truth—is that really a picture of you at the top of the page? We go for those "Goggles" in a big way, and would like to know where we can get a pair. (*I'll sell you mine, wholesale: my eyes are getting stronger everyday.*) We hate to clue you, pops, but you look something like *Flipper McSplash*. Are those cartoons the story of your life and do you get paid for them, too?

Bob Kulpa
Long Island City, New York

You be I get paid for them. Lifetime subscription to Skin Diver and all the free lunches I can mooth from Auxier and Blakeslee.

I'm curious. Just how many letters do you receive each month, of such a sarcastic nature as those found in the March *Driftwood*? I like our column and cartoons very much, and I think the *Diver* would be missing a valuable asset were you not included. Personally I'd like to see all your critical "admirers" go diving three times and come up twice. Keep up the GREAT work.

Dick Barber
La Jolla Junior Skinsters
La Jolla, California

There's my boy. The unkindly letters compose almost 60% of the incoming mail, Dick. I attribute this to my discerning ability to enraged almost anybody—given half the chance.

Are you the same character who writes and draws for the various automotive and car-customizing magazines? And, if so, was that your photo in the February issue of *Car Craft*?

Ken Morrison
Miami, Florida

Guilty. I'm an old Kemp Lover from long ago.

AND AS THE TIDE SLOWLY EBBS . . .

I see I've shaken the last letter out of the mailpouch, and must regrettably bid you bye bye for now. Be sure to let me know about the Big Lie Contest bit and whether it appeals to the pathological liar in you. Would love to see some of you more handsome dogs and gorgeous dolls send your pictures along with your letters. I'm still drumming up courage to put mine in print. Well, until the tide rolls back in again—keep your mouthpiece cleared and play it safe in the water. Write me, won't you?

—Kohler, the unlikely

THE SILENT WORLD

By Ray B. Woodmansee

It is the silent world.
Sphere of primeval life and death,
Home of beauty that cannot be surpassed,
Land of danger where each moment may be the last.
Place where a pageant of life is revealed,
Replacing that by death's cloak concealed.

It is into this world that I have come,
A solitary diver, respect benumbed.
Stranger from outer space;
Presence unreal in a dreamlike place.
An intruder whose existing creates
An atmosphere of suspense, a fishman race.

VELZY & JACOBS

Custom made Surfboards

All Boards are made to individual specifications of imported balsa, fiberglassed for strength & speed. Champions use and recommend the Velzy-Jacobs board for peak performance.

Price F. O. B.
Venice, Calif.

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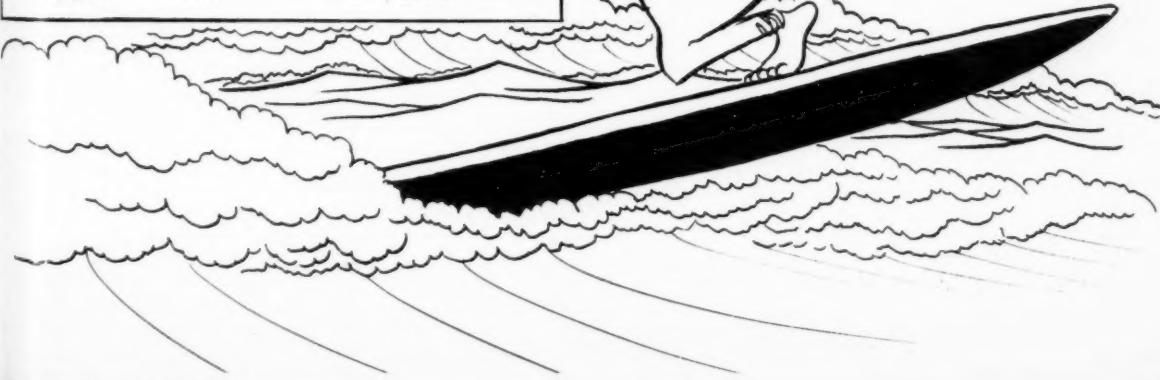
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Fred Robbins carries a 16 pounder in his right hand. Some of the lobsters captured this day weighed seventeen pounds.

NEW ENGLAND LOBSTER

By: FRED ROBBINS

Illustrations: GENE PARKER

It was one of those hot, calm days on the New England coast when the white sea gulls hover in bright contrast to the deep blue sky. Ahead we could see a school of mackerel break surface in unison and splash back into the waves. Occasionally the great body of a tuna would roll into view and then dive into the depths of the ocean.

As the outboard motor puffed along, the heat of the sun became unbearable and we wished that we had waited until we reached our destination before putting on the rubber suits. The color of the ocean ahead of us changed from a deep blue to a light green showing us that we had reached the off-shore sand-bar where we were going to dive. The

anchor was dropped, we went overboard and soon found ourselves in a different world. Instead of being in warm breezes above, we were in the icy blue waters of the Labrador Current which sweeps down from the Arctic and is pushed out to sea by Cape Cod and the up-sweep of the Gulf Stream.

After a quick inspection of the surface of the bar, we descended down its steep slopes. There was much life found on this undersea hillside. Two large skates could be seen off to the left. In the shallow water near the top of the slope there were numerous flounder and fluke. In deeper water, the grotesque shapes of horseshoe crabs were

slowly gliding along the bottom. Here and there we could see a small horse shoe crab riding on the back of a larger one. Huge schools of pollock accompanied us down and, at times, got so curious that we had to push them away so they would not impede our swimming.

At about ninety feet we noticed a dark curtain of plankton which extended off the steeply sloping bottom in a strata parallel to the surface. Upon entering this new region, we found such a terrific drop in temperature of the already cold water that we quickly withdrew to warmer water above. On reaching the relatively warmer water we noticed a dark shape in the sand about thirty feet away. Swimming

Neptunian Nuptials



Saying their "I do's" 12 feet below the surface of the Marlin Beach Hotel swimming pool in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., are Miss Georgiana Dodge and George Hoffman, both with the hotel's underwater shows. Marrying official was George Sattler, president of the Fort Lauderdale Spear and Fin Club, notary public, and a real estate salesman. He is wearing a diving mask equipped with a microphone. Attendants were Miss Rosemary Harrod and James McEnaney. Photo was taken through windows which separate the hotel's Two Fathoms Down Lounge from the depths of the pool.



toward this shape we stared in disbelief. In front of us was a lobster which seemed to be two to three feet long.



As we got near, his body reared up at us and his gigantic claws* reached out.

We soon found that because of his great bulk, he was not as agile as the small chicken lobsters so we were able to get a safe hold on him without too much trouble. Getting to the surface with him was another problem, but, with a few minutes of hard swimming we were able to lift him into the boat. We descended again. This time to explore the area. We were amazed at what we found. There were dozens of large

(8-lb and over) seed lobsters and about an equal number of males. Because it was spawning season, we only took a few of the large males. A dozen of the lobsters that we took weighed a total of over a hundred lbs. The largest was almost seventeen pounds. The larger lobsters are capable of amputating fingers or crushing a diver's hand.

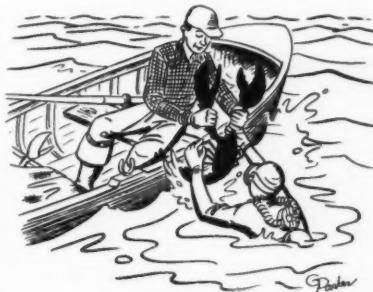
The New England Coast is dotted with small offshore islands, shoals and sandbars. A skin diver with a little time could find any number of spots where the lobstering is equally as good as the spot that I have described. Because our lobsters are some of the best found anywhere in the world, lobster fishing is one of the principal industries on the coast. The commercial lobsterman must usually limit his operations to relatively shallow calm coves or he will lose his pots during storms and rough seas but the skin diver has no such limitations. There is no reason for the skin diver and lobsterman to go into competition over the same places.

Skin diving off the New England coast is quite unique. It has been a well known fact that the largest volume of commercial fishing is done in cold water because of the larger number of fish found there. Therefore, there is a great abundance of fish found on our coast.

There are also many delicious mollusks which can be found on the bottom, among these are clams, scallops and quahogs.

The ocean off of New England is one of the most bountiful in the world. Because this is true, the skin diver, like any other sportsman, should only take what he can use and in the case of lobster, only what is legal.

One more word about diving in New



England. A dry suit or one of the better wet suits is a must. The water temperatures in the summer range from about 60 degrees on the surface to about thirty five at one hundred feet down. ■

*Over three quarts of meat was taken from the two claws and tail of this lobster.

Ice, Water, Divers



Reeds Lake, Grand Rapids, Michigan—Rubber gloves, socks, mask, fins and lung comprise the equipment used by Joe Czerwinski for his ice diving escapades. Temperature was 9 above, water was 33 degrees. January 3, 1957. Wow!!



Lake Michigan, Chicago, Illinois—All decked out for a frigid frolic in the frozen frontier is Vern Pedersen. Full face protection, gloves and wrist seals afford complete coverage from the elements.



Cass Lake, Pontiac, Michigan—Top photo: Jerry Gray found the water clear and the temperature about 35 degrees at the surface. Treasure Unlimited members Norm Swanger and Stan Wheeler encourage each other to "you go first". Dives were made to 50 feet in depth, 20 feet visibility.



Franklin Quarry, New Jersey—George Krasle, of Georgia State Skin Divers Association and Dick Kidder of the New Jersey Skin Diving Club prepare for a visit to the 36 degree water, air temp. was 32 degrees. George was impressed by northern diving during his visit.



Lexington, Kentucky—William Fitzpatrick is emerging from under the ice after an under the ice and water excursion. Photo by Hazel Fitzpatrick.

S Pictorial Review



Sarnia, Ont., Canada—St. Clair Skin Divers Doug Thompson, Bob Gravelle and Walt Nicholls are shown taking a breather during a long day of searching for a body under the ice.



Lake Estes, Colorado—8000 feet above sea level. Wally Johnson and Scotty Scott trying out their rubber suits under the ice. Both wet and dry type suits were used satisfactorily. February 3rd, 1957.



South Shore Neptunes of Holbrook, Massachusetts—This door in the ice leads to 170 feet of water for members Paul Hogan, Hank Ross, Russ Gore, Joe Milks and Fred Calhoun. Diving area for the Neptunes is from Boston south to the tip of Cape Cod.

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957



Livonia, Michigan—A nearby lake furnished ice diving experience for members of the "Sea Kings". (l-r) Van Arnam, Bill Emerson, Jim Cataldo and Frank Sheldrake. The water was cold and clear.



Racine Quarry, Wisconsin—Member of the Midwest Amphibians goes under as other members of the club prepare to dive and stand by with the safety ropes. In most cases, under ice, standard equipment is satisfactory, however, on this day their regulators froze.



Lake Geneva, Wisconsin—Carl Hauber and John Carlson of Rockford, Illinois enjoyed diving in this popular skin diving spot. Ten inches of ice was removed for the entry hole to the 34 degree water. Heavy snow hampered visibility.



Indian Lake, Sparta, Michigan—Bruce Rose and Burt Brown hacked through 18 inches of ice to find water 45 feet deep and 35 degrees cold.

This article, by Richard P. Holmes, was written in the north of France after he had experienced a season full of new adventure in Nice, on the blue coast. Dick wrote the following article at the height of his new enthusiasm for underwater exploration and nostalgia for what was left behind him. He will possibly be returning to "Exploration Sous-Marine" this season as an instructor.

AMONG THE MANY great wonders that this earth has to offer lies the sea—perhaps the greatest wonder of them all. It is a world of formidable coral cliffs, vast deserts, unfathomable canyons and indescribable beauty. It is also a world where violence and calm, and life and death live in close harmony; a world where the struggle for existence is always present. Before the war this world was practically unknown to man, but now, thanks to the courage, genius and initiative of such men as Cousteau, Dumas, Ravon, Portelatine and Lehoux, this world is being partly explored by thousands of young men and women who have welded themselves into a vast brotherhood of pioneers.

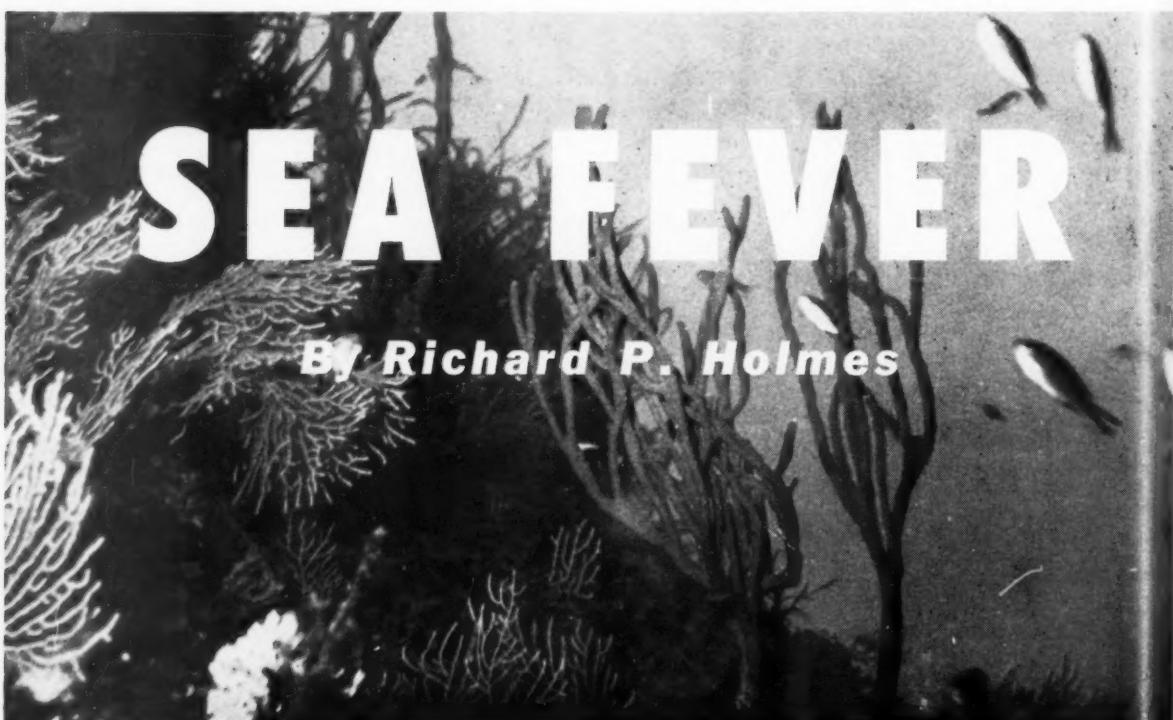
It was during the war that Cousteau started to dive and during this period he made his first underwater movie, and as he had not yet invented the "aqua-lung" the movie was shot without the aid of a breathing apparatus. During this period Portelatine, Lehoux, and Ravon were not exploring, but were simply fishing for food! Food was scarce and the only supply train from Marseilles was often out of order for military reasons. It is strange that the friendship between Captain Cousteau, Ravon and Portelatine did not originate by the sea but rather one winter in a small skiing resort at Auron; ever since then they have kept in close contact with each other.

It has been my great pleasure to have had the chance to become acquainted with the latter two of these men. One afternoon I was at the swimming pool at Cap Ferrat, twenty minutes west of Nice, watching an informal swim-



Servane . . . swimming champion and scuba student.

ming meet. It was here that I met Ravon for the first time. He had arrived from Nice with several of his divers and their equipment. After his divers had put on an exhibition, all spectators were invited to try one of the lungs in the pool. As I have been interested in this sort of diving from an early age, I went up and introduced myself to Ravon. Having tried out the lung, Ravon gave me his diving school's address in Nice and told me to come over any time that I felt like diving.



It was only last year that Ravon and Portelatine set up their diving school and they have had remarkable success in so short a time! The first time that I went to the club-house I was awed by the racks of lungs, their enormous compressor and by the numerous Roman amphorae posted casually around the office. Many of these were taken from Roman wrecks while Ravon and Portelatine were diving with Cousteau's team in Marseilles.

Every morning at ten-thirty sharp, Portelatine and Ravon sally forth for Cap Ferrat in the club boat with as many pupils as the boat can hold and anchor off the rocks of the lighthouse. The club boat, incidentally, has a compressor attached to the engine which enables Ravon and Portelatine to recharge their bottles while out at sea.

At this spot off the rocks the reef slopes off from thirty to a hundred and fifty feet of water and it is here that Ravon brings his beginners. As both Ravon and Portelatine speak English very well, many of their pupils are Americans who are on the Riviera for the summer. If any of you who may read this article will be on the Riviera next spring or summer, you will find it well worth your time and money, to look up Portelatine and Ravon at Nice. Their address is as follows:

Mr. Jean Ravon and Mr. Andre Portelatine, Exploration Sous-Marine, 14 quai des Docks, Port de Nice, Alpes Maritimes, France. Phone No. 542.44.

The first two dives that I made were done off the lighthouse rocks. One morning we set out from Nice at the usual time in their powerful, forty-foot motor boat and were anchored off the rocks of Cap Ferrat within twenty minutes. I waited for about a quarter of an hour while Ravon went down with two little Belgian children called Francis and Francine, aged eight and ten and a half respectively. They both seemed to be completely fearless of the water and have dived to as much as forty feet. Also with us that day was Servane van den Broeck, champion of Paris in the 1953 swimming championships. Although she is only seventeen, she is one of Ravon's best divers and has been down as much as a hundred and sixty feet. When Ravon had finished, Portelatine fitted me with a belt of three weights and one of his larger bottles. Thus equipped I staggered over to the side of the boat and tumbled into the water.

What lay beneath me took my breath away! Here lay that underwater fantasy of which I had read and dreamed so much. Here lay the beginning of a new world with which I was later to become more acquainted. I followed Portelatine to the bottom which at this point was only thirty feet below the surface. After swallowing hard for several seconds I managed to lessen the pain in my ears sufficiently to get me down to seventy-five feet. This was my limit for the day. Although I had no feeling of pain in my right ear, my left ear was bothering me considerably. Try as I would I couldn't seem to equalize the pressure. At this depth everything was still very bright. Behind me lay the reef's bed which makes its way very leisurely towards the surface and in front of me lay the bottom which I could see disappearing into the deep blue of the eternal twilight. How I envied Ravon who had come along with one of his advanced divers as I watched him get smaller and smaller and then finally disappear into the reef many feet below.

Three days later, I dived in exactly the same place, this time with Ravon. At sixty feet I blew into my mask and swallowed quickly. What relief! The pain in my ears vanished and I was able to break through the pressure barrier close behind Ravon. At ninety feet, all the colors of the reef became saturated with a sapphire hue. After several minutes we arrived on the bottom and being anxious to know how deep we were I looked at Ravon's pressure gage—the luminous dial registered a hundred and fifty feet. Al-

(Continued on page 39)

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957



Scuba instructor and student at Cap Ferrat, approximately 130 feet deep. Exploration Sous-Marine, Nice, France.



Andre Portelatine and Jean Ravon, managers and instructors of the school. Their students come from all over the world.



Francis (8), and Francine (10) . . . Belgian children attending the school on the Blue Coast during their vacation.



Ravon, Cousteau, Lehoux and Portelatine on Board the "Calypso" in Cannes during the Film Festival of 1956.

ICE DIVING IN MICHIGAN

By FRED SHAFT

Only two days after Detroit's most paralyzing snowfall, some 9 inches in less than 48 hours, a record not topped in the last 40 years, Treasure Unlimited Diving Club headed for its favorite meeting place, Stony Lake, about 60 miles from the Motor City. Icy roads and a gloomy sky threatened to spoil the day, but 25 members and several reporters and photographers showed up at 10 A.M. Saturday January 12, to make the dive.

A wintery scene devoid of any human company greeted us upon our arrival at the Lake. The heavy snow made the lake roads impossible to navigate and as a result club members carried their gear a half mile through the snow to the diving site. Close to the shore we found

the ice to be thin and broken in places but a few tests found it safe as the ice grew thicker further away from shore.

About 100 yards off shore we chopped the first hole through 4 inches of ice. Thirty-five yards further out we chopped another hole through 8 inches of ice. Around and between the holes in the ice we shoveled away the snow, and to our surprise found that the ice was crystal clear in several spots allowing us to see a few feet down into the dark water. Each of the holes were approximately 4 by 6 feet with several hand holes around for the divers to hang on to while waiting to submerge.

With this work done the guys started getting into their heavy wools and rubber suits. By 11:30 several of the mem-



Fred Shaft prepares to head below to take some movies. Camera is a 100 foot roll 16mm Keystone with an f.2.5 15mm wide angle lens. Film used was Tri-X. Photo by D. L. Glasford.

bers were ready, and while non-suited members tended safety lines, the divers slipped into the 33 degree water to expel some of the air from their suits and adjust their weight belts. Everyone wore wrist seals of a type, except Jim Bruldford, who builds most of the rubber suits in the club. His gloves were molded to his suit, and he said they worked perfectly.

At 11:45 one of T U's youngest members, 17 year old Jack Gerlach, was the first to disappear under the ice trailing a safety line and heading for the second hole 35 yards away. He arrived in a few seconds, explaining that he did not have to follow a compass course because he could see the club members walking on the shoveled path above him. Likewise, we could see Jack, and all the other divers who followed, through the ice, a weird sight indeed. Fifteen more members followed Jack through the frigid water in pairs, ranging between the two holes and scouring the bottom 35 to forty feet below for signs of life but none was seen.

The light below was an eerie gray adding to the cold each of us felt in the



Treasure Unlimited members at Stoney Lake near Oxford, Michigan. (l-r) Gus Verhelle, Ted Wilson, Jim Bruford, Jack Gerlach, Jim Hicken, Steve Shalloon and in the background, with exposure suit, Larry Tankersley. Mary Smith, extreme right, passes out chocolate to the divers. Detroit Times Staff Photo.

semi darkness. As soon as one swam out of the light made by the path shoveled in the snow, you were alone and darkness was all around, closing in like a vice, but a few tugs on the safety line and the tender on topside brought you back into the light quickly and easily; it sure felt good to have that line around you.

As shown in the pictures Jack Gerlach carried a 35mm camera under the ice in a beautiful $\frac{1}{2}$ inch plexiglass case. Yours truly shot 100 ft of tri-X under the ice with a 16mm Keystone also housed in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch plexiglass. Both cases were custom built by D.L. Glasford, T U's photographic engineer.

All of the Scuba gear used during the day functioned perfectly despite the 18° air temperature. Equipment included the Aqua-Lung, Divair, Scott and Dacor.

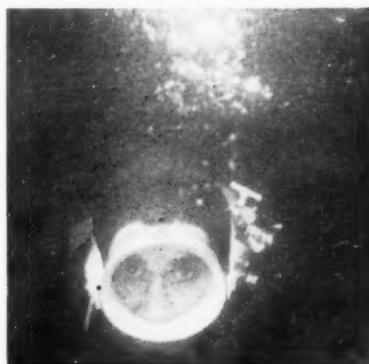
A few of the members got cold waiting their turn to dive, but some hot coffee and soup dished out by Mary Smith, club member and diver, but not that day, sure helped the situation. There were no mishaps thanks to the care taken by all the divers and particularly to the tenders who lost out on the glory by doing an important job.

As a result of this dive the club received a full page picture spread in one of Detroit's leading daily papers the Detroit Times and also two local weekly papers.

A few weeks from now, color movies of our dive will be shown locally over WWJ-TV a color show called "Hobbies in Action" which goes to show that just because there is snow on "The Water Wonderland's" roof, doesn't mean that Treasure Unlimited's fire is out!



Jack Gerlach, 17 years old, is interviewed by reporter just before he dived into the 33 degree water. D. L. Glasford Photo.



Charles Shanley stops before the camera of Gerlach, 35 feet deep. Tri-X film at 1/50th with flash.

ILLINOIS COUNCIL OF SKIN AND SCUBA DIVERS, INC.

By Joseph Dagenais

This is to introduce the Illinois Council of Skin & Scuba Divers to Skin Diver Magazine readers.

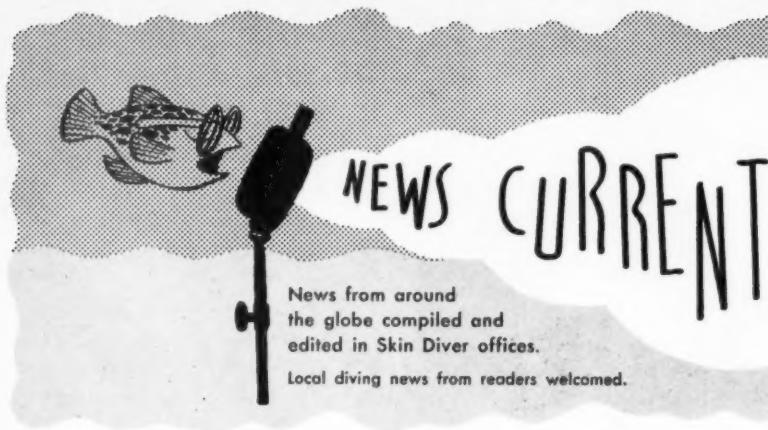
On January 3, 1957 a meeting was held at the Oak Park, Ill. Y.M.C.A. to form a governing body to represent our state. The meeting was brought to order with 12 local clubs from the Chicago area present and one club each from Champaign and Rockford, Ill. A corporation charter was presented and discussed along with the election of a nine man board of directors.

The council, being in its embryo stage, has as its immediate goal the task of providing a statewide representing body to promote a safety program with rules and regulations, to provide examinations to test skill and knowledge of our divers, to serve as a clearing house for new diving information, to establish liaison between local and state government agencies and sport organizations with the intention of promoting the common good, and to assist those interested in organizing new clubs.

The long range plans will include the organization of all qualified divers into a first class reputable sport society. There are quite a few diving areas that are prohibited at the present time in Illinois and it is the intention of the council through proper legislation to have these areas made available for our use. We also intend to provide on a statewide basis diving and spearfishing meets for the competitive minded. Last but not least, we intend to have representatives in all major cities throughout the state to provide representation in their own local areas. It will be the council's responsibility to help local areas in dissolving their own local problems and opposition that might arise from diving.

Latest reliable estimates are that there are about 150 clubs both listed and unlisted in Illinois so let's get together all you Illinois divers and unite! Further information may be obtained by writing to:

Joseph Dagenais, Acting pres., 4020 N. Mason Ave., Chicago 34, Ill. ➤



News from around
the globe compiled and
edited in Skin Diver offices.

Local diving news from readers welcomed.

THREE-FATHOM TAN . . .

Skin Divers who fish and explore the waters off **Key West, Florida**, have encountered a rather unique problem. The sunlight is so intense and the water so clear, they have to use a protective cream or risk being sunburned while underwater.

CONFIDENTIALLY, IT SINKS . . .

An unnamed owner of a three-wheeled **Messerschmitt** was towing young ice-skaters behind his small car across **Lake Barcroft, Washington**. Suddenly, they hit a soft patch and the tiny vehicle began sinking through the ice. The driver and the skaters were unharmed, but the **Messerschmitt** disappeared. After four hours of searching, the **Undersea Laboratory and Potomac Pioneers**—local diving clubs—found the car and brought it up.

WHALE OF A PROJECT . . .

Bill Hogan, of the **Underwater Sports Shop** located in **Naples, California**, likes his operations big. He plans to mastermind a filmed study of the **California Gray Whale** from underwater. This could be rather dangerous moviemaking since the shooting will be conducted in the whale's southern breeding grounds off the **Mexican** coast.

PATCH JOB . . .

Divers **Lucien Criner** and **Phil Bayouth** recently sounded into **Lake Okmulgee, Oklahoma**, on a repair expedition to seal off leaks in a valve on the lake's intake-tower.

JOLLY GOOD SHOW, LADS . . .

Six unnamed skin divers risked their lives in a successful attempt to dismantle a 1,500-lb **German** mine from the **River Thames, England**. This neat trick has never before now been accomplished and was made highly dangerous by the fact that the "**German George**" mine could be exploded by: reduced water pressure, if it were lifted; light acting on a photoelectric cell; water short-circuiting an electric fuse; magnetism or sound waves. They put in 5½ understandably tense hours of hard, careful work before the last detonator was removed—and everyone could relax.

LITTLE ONES TAKE THEM TO THE CLEANERS . . .

Marine Biologist **Conrad Limbaugh** of the **Scripps Institution of Oceanography**, La

Jolla, California has made extensive underwater observations of the various species of larger fish. According to Scientist **Limbaugh** the fish have regular points—"delousing stations"—to which they come to have smaller fish and shrimp eat the parasites clinging to them. Says Scientist **Limbaugh**: "The big fish go into a sort of stupor. Then the cleaners work them over. I have even seen little fish go into the open mouths and gills of the big fish in the process."

SOMEBODY MAY WAKE UP DEAD . . .

Diver **Wayne Truttmann** of **Green Bay, Wisconsin** reported a tank of **helium** stolen from his car. The tank was marked "**Oxygen**." **Truttmann** fears the thief may try using the tank in diving and said: "If you breathe the helium, it will tighten your throat. And if a diver breathes it as oxygen—it will kill him."

SUNKEN ANTIQUE . . .

An ancient dugout canoe, discovered by Skin diver **Harold Fox of Albany, New York**, was brought up from the depths of **Tsatsawas Lake** recently. State Archeologist **Arthur Gillette** reports it may have belonged to **18th Century** settlers. Which proves canoes were probably shaky even long ago.

A TREASURE HUNT OF ANOTHER COLOR . . .

Advance scout-skin divers recently conducted a 500 square foot search of the bottom of the **Gulf of Mexico** for sunken derelicts, but they weren't looking for gold, silver or other such trove. Their job was merely locating and clearing out bottom obstructions which might interfere with the construction of a huge oil-drilling rig to be operated 63-miles from shore.

LIKE TAKING CATCH AWAY FROM A DIVER . . .

With three **Silver Drummers** tied to his belt, diver **Dave Panting** of **Sydney, Australia** was just going after a fourth one below him at 40-feet when he was heartily thumped on the hip. First he thought it was his buddy, **Bob Stephens**, being playful. A moment later he changed his mind when an 8-foot **Bronze Whaler Shark** made another pass at him, glommed onto the fish tied to his belt and proceeded to shake diver **Panting** like a terrier shakes a rat. **Panting** hastily released the belt and the winner swam off with some 26-lbs of catch.

CASING THE BLINKIN' BOTTOM . . .

Divers **Ted Madden** and **Bernard Ovenden** are preparing a geological survey of the bottom of **Lake Nyasa**, in **Rhodesia**. Visibility is reputed to be excellent and they expect to do the job in one-mile, daily jaunts.

DEEPER AND DEEPER . . .

Under the auspices of **The National Geographic Society**, Captain **Jacques-Yves Cousteau** and the research ship, **Calypso**, are busy again. Recently, dropping cameras and testing equipment on nylon cables, the expedition photographed one of the deepest parts of the **Atlantic Ocean**—the **Romanche Trench**. The ship was anchored in 24,600-feet of water—believed to be the deepest anchorage ever recorded. If the survey of the **Romanche Trench** proves successful, plans will be laid to explore the deepest deep of all—the **Challenger Depth**, which lies under almost seven miles of water in the **Pacific** near **Guam**.

THE HUNTER HUNTED . . .

Having spent a pleasant morning, cruising in and around the various rock formations along the **Long Beach Breakwater**, **Roger Dennis** climbed atop a bell-buoy to take five. He was up there a little longer than he figured. An **Antagonistic Sea Lion** kept him treed until his buddy, **John Garrison**, came along and helped discourage the feisty seal.

FILTHY RICH, EVERYBODY? . . .

Very soon, the 60 members of the **Adventurer Club of Toronto, Canada** will don fins and Scuba and begin hunting for the wreckage of a **Spanish Galleon** reputedly sunk in the **17th Century**, somewhere off the coast of the **Bahamas** with \$50,000,000 in silver bullion aboard. If the treasure is found, it will be divided equally.

INTO THE MILD BLUE DOWN YONDER . . .

British diver **George Wookey** recently set a new deep-diving record of 600-feet. The previous record was 535-feet. Diver **Wookey** wore a helmeted, flexible diving-suit and received a breathing mixture of oxygen and helium. Dive took place in Norwegian waters with the experimental diving ship, **H.M.S. Reclaim** standing by.

THE LANE COVE KILLER CAPER . . .

Skin diver members of the **Spearfishing Club of Australia** are hunting for a 12-foot shark that has a definite taste for dog. They hope to get him before his taste turns to humans, and to that end the entire club, armed with explosive-tipped spears, are searching the **Lane Cove River** for the shark which has eaten two dogs to date.

HOW TO GET DOWN TO THE TOP . . .

270 nautical miles west of **Gray's Harbor, Washington** lies a submarine mountain whose size, according to contour maps created from echo-soundings, is about the same as **Mount Rainier**. The mountain's top comes within 110-feet of the ocean's surface. Discovered in 1950 by the crew of the **United States Fish and Wildlife Service** vessel, **John N. Cobb**, the huge, volcanic peak has been named the **Cobb Seamount**. Under the scientific guidance of **Thomas Budinger** and **Mrs. Stanley Enbysk**, research assistants in the **Oceanography Department** at the **University of Washington**, future plans for investigation are being made.

Ovenden
the hot-
Visibility
expect
ents.

AROUND the SOUND

By PETER PUGET

The Peter Puget column is compiled each month by representatives of the Pacific Northwest Council. Material for the column should be forwarded to Puget Sound Divers Co., 2520 Westlake Ave. No. Seattle directly or through any local dealer or club.

The Sheriff S.C.U.B.A. Divers were called upon by the Air Force to look for a jet trainer that disappeared over the Puget Sound area. The divers were taken to the area by boat, where the Navy was searching with sonar equipment. Each time an object was picked up by the Navy gear, the divers were sent over the side to investigate. They made dives from 40 feet to 120 feet. The jet has not been found to date, but the search is still going on.

In the last year and a half 211 students have successfully completed the skin diving and scuba diving classes being held at the Y.M.C.A. in Seattle. The Y.M.C.A. has been very cooperative in this area by sponsoring these classes. Now they are going ahead and starting an instructor's course which will be patterned after the Los Angeles County's course. Any scuba diver having completed the Y.M.C.A. course successfully is eligible to take this course. For information get in touch with Ted Yerbeck or Dan Murray of the Y.M.C.A. or Gary Keffler at Sunset 0449.



Top—Winners of the Mid-Winter Championships, Jim Blanchard, John Tallman and Gary Keffler.

Bottom—Another house joins the Mudshark underwater fish protection city. The club is making their own hunting grounds.

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957



"No doubt about it, Bradley—we've made an amazing discovery!"

The dance sponsored by the Mudsharks and the YMCA Divers was a success. The door prize was won by Bill Mertz of the Mudsharks and the two prize dances were won by Mr. and Mrs. Don Filer and Mr. and Mrs. MacLaren of the YMCA Divers and Mudsharks respectively. These prizes were donated by Puget Sound Divers Co.

Preparations for the Pacific Northwest Championships are now under way. They are being set up for some time in early May. The reason for this is so the winning team can attend the Pacific Coast Championships.

Joe Dollinger of the Beachcombers has been appointed by Boeing Airplane Co. as head instructor in the use of scuba equipment. His job will be to train engineers in the use of the equipment. Boeing has built a special tank where they will submerge parts of airplanes underwater for extensive tests.



Fish of the Month—Ling Cod, favorite target of the northwestern underwater hunters. Above fish weighs 37 1/2 lbs. and was taken by Pat Molony, of Vancouver, B.C. Photo by the late Jim Willis.

The Mudsharks have been very busy in the last month completing one of their underwater cities. With at least six parts of cars and an assortment of other junk which will be followed by a 38 foot tug boat in the next month, Fish City as it has been appropriately named is off to a good start. Already numerous fish have made it their home.

FISH OF THE MONTH—Ling (*Ophiodon elongatus*) also known as the Ling cod, Pacific Cultus, and Cultus cod. The Ling is always the favorite target of Puget Sound divers. Although a poor fighter when hooked, he gives an excellent account of himself when speared. The Ling has an unusual ability to shake and twist so as to bend or break spear shafts. Quite often he is speared when amongst rocks, pilings, or some other cover, and he is exceptionally adept at using his cover to gain leverage in his twisting movements. Although well equipped to bite he seldom does. The unofficial world's records are 51 pounds, skin diving, by Jack Meyers, and 56 pounds, lung diving, by Gary Keffler. A few believed to be larger, have been hit or seen. Specimens over 100 pounds have been taken on lines. Although the big ones are tough to find, those of average size (10 or 12 lbs.) are very plentiful in Puget Sound, and a hungry diver seldom fails to find one. They range from Southern California to Northern Alaska, with the center of abundance in Puget Sound, and British Columbia. For fish and chips there is nothing finer.

We would like to hear from other clubs in the Puget Sound area and receive information from them on their activities. Send your information to Gary Keffler, 2520 Westlake N., Seattle 9, Washington. >>



McWhorter, center, and two of his divers (l-r) Hurley and Baker, make ready to leave on a subaqueous construction project. Equipment above includes: compressor, generator, lights, cable, regulators, clothing, suits, power dredging gear, truck, air storage cylinders and scuba tanks.

CONSTRUCTION AND THE SCUBA

By M. W. McWHORTER

INFORMATION ON MARTIN W. McWHORTER of Birmingham, Alabama—Martin, as most of the present day underwater businessmen, started skin diving at an early age, in Martin's case, 18 years old and in Panama City, Florida. His first spectacular catch was a six and a half foot barracuda that weighed approximately 70 pounds, the catch was made at American shoals light house near Key West. Salvage operations underwater started in 1952 for McWhorter in Aiken, South Carolina. It consisted of a three day job of inspecting and cleaning an intake valve on a water crib. The first subaqueous pipe construction job was in September 1956 at Albertville. This job took three months to finish, 25 working days, the pipe being 156 feet of 36" lock joint cement pipe. Martin is a soft spoken young man with a pleasant Southern tone to his speech, is married and has three children . . . he went to the University of Alabama and majored in electrical and mechanical engineering . . . and spent three years in the service as a Marine. The next project for Martin and his crew will be a job at Decatur, Alabama, laying 1500 feet of pipe in a thirty foot depth under the water. When Martin is not doing some type of underwater construction his time is taken up by manufacturing diving equipment for commercial and sport use.

On January 1, 1957, McWhorter Engineering Company of Centre, Alabama, and Steel City Construction Company, general contractors of Birmingham, Alabama, set a world's record in laying consisted in laying 24-inch concrete pipe at a water depth of four to twenty-two feet from a point on shore to 1188 feet out into Guntersville Lake. The job was part of Brown's Creek Plant now under construction at Guntersville, Alabama. The plant was designed by Polglaze and Basenburgh Engineering Company of Birmingham, and the subaqueous work Lock-joint subaqueous pipe. The job was done by McWhorter Engineering Company. The 1188-foot subaqueous pipe line was laid in five days. Scuba equipment made by U.S. Divers Corp. and McWhorter Engineering Co. was chiefly responsible for the speed and simplicity with which the job was completed.

The pipe itself was 24-inch Lock-joint concrete pipe made up in 32-foot section, each section weighing 3½ tons. Special spreaders and rigging plus a 15 ton capacity crane made it possible for us to handle two 32-foot sections of pipe underwater at a time. To my relief diver and tender this sounded like an easy matter; but from my previous job (installing similar 36-inch concrete pipe in 25 feet of water) I knew the job of handling seven tons of pipe at a time underwater would not be easy.

Work on the job started December 26 at 8:00 A.M. When we arrived at the lake, the barge crew was waiting to help us get our equipment loaded aboard the crane barge. We were able to load all our equipment except the compressor unit for which there was no room. The weather was fair with a little wind from the south. The outside temperature was 54 degrees, and the water temperature was 50 degrees. We were dressed and ready to go in the water at 9:30. The barge crew was also ready with the third section of pipe, the first two sections having been laid by the contractor from the starting point on the bank to the water's edge. Bob, the tender, had started the portable generator which supplied electricity for our underwater signals.

I would like to explain why we used



SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

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a blinker signal system instead of under-water phones. I had found out on a previous job that using a blinker to guide the crane operator in moving the pipe was much faster and more efficient than talking to him, since a finger movement on a light switch was much more definite than trying to talk with a mouth full of rubber hose. On one job we successfully used a throat microphone with two stages of audio amplification wired to an outside speaker. However on that job we weren't handling seven tons of pipe. On this job if the crane operator happened to move the pipe in the wrong direction because of a mistake in signals, the diver could very easily lose a hand, finger, or even a neck.

Work went rather slowly the first day, and we ended up laying only the third and fourth short sections (32 feet each) of pipe. The water was shallow until the fourth section was laid. On the following day, Thursday, the weather was the same as it was for the previous day. The barge crew didn't have a pipe ready for us until 10:00 A.M. Since we had progressed into deeper water with the fourth section of pipe, we had to use the Aqui-Lung for the remainder of the job. We were fully prepared for this with plenty of spare equipment. There was one thing we could not take a chance on—equipment failure. Delay on a job like this for just one hour greatly increases the cost.

On this job we used three two-stage and one single-stage regulators. We had three two-cylinder block assemblies which held 165 cu. ft. of air at 2150 P.S.I., one three-cylinder block assembly with 204 cu. ft. of air at 2150 P.S.I., and one single-cylinder assembly. All cylinder assemblies have specially designed bands to fit the diver. With its specially designed bands the three-cylinder assembly is more comfortable to wear than the two-cylinder outfit. We had five suits, two wet and three dry. We wore wet suits underneath the dry and used long underwear over the dry suits to protect them from being snagged on the rigging. As previously described, a gasoline driven generator with two series connected twelve volt lights was employed for signaling. One of the lights was connected directly to the generator, topside; the other light with a trigger was connected to a 400 foot rope-bound electric cable. Signals were transmitted by the trigger mechanism on this light. The generator's output was 24 volts at 20 amps.

Recharging cylinders was facilitated through use of an Ingersoll-Rand three-stage air compressor unit manufactured by McWhorter Engineering Company. It would have been practically impossible to have done a job like this one without a fast recharging plant capable of filling a double tank assembly in seven



Sixty four foot section of concrete pipe weighing seven tons is lowered from the barge to the waiting divers below. Pic at right: Installing a short section of pipe in the shallows of the lake . . . mud and trash proved to be big obstacles.

minutes. For example, on the last two days of the job the relief diver and I used 36 cylinders of air. On these two days we found it necessary to recharge at noon and in the evening after work.

As the crane swung the fifth short section of pipe into the water, my relief diver was already in waiting to couple them together. Each section of pipe had a male and female bell joint coupling held together by two large bolts. Our job was to guide the pipe in place, pull it home, and then bolt it together. After an hour and a half the fifth section was finally set. That afternoon after a little trouble clearing silt from the bell of the fifth section, we connected the sixth short section for a total of 64 feet laid the second day.

On Friday everything began to work out as planned. We started handling the pipe in 64-foot sections and laid 256 feet that day, despite an increase in wind and three-foot waves. On the following Monday the weather was in our favor with an outside temperature of 65 degrees and little wind. We laid 6 sections of pipe, a total of 384 feet.

On Tuesday, the fifth and last day, the work went a little more slowly because of increased depth and consequent darkness. It seemed as if the elements had turned again us also; the wind velocity increased to 40 miles per hour creating 4-foot waves. The surge was acting on the bridle and spreader, swinging the pipe to and fro even in the 22-foot water. Extreme care had to be exercised in coupling the last few joints, so that the diver wouldn't come up with a missing hand or finger.

The job as a whole turned out much



better than expected. It would have been practically impossible to have completed this job any faster using other types of diving equipment.

Commercial diving is a cold, miserable, and hazardous occupation. Most of the time the diver is working in total darkness. As a general rule, in most inland waters of the southern United States light penetrates only to about 17 to 19 feet due primarily to algae; at this depth visibility is measured in inches. Most good divers develop "eyes" on their fingertips. On one occasion I saw a diver make an inspection of a concrete crib containing three 4-inch gate valves in 67 feet of muddy water. On returning to the surface he was able to draw the crib and valves to scale, missing the dimensions by only one-half inch.

Cold is one of the diver's worst enemies. On the Brown's Creek Plant job we spent four hours at a time in 50-degree water. The only break was when we had to change cylinders and drain the water out of our "dry" suits (by standing on our heads!). Nevertheless we did get a chance to thaw out at noon each day while recharging cylinders, then back in the water for four more

(Continued on Page 38)

CONSTRUCTION AND THE SCUBA

(Continued from Page 37)

hours. One of the coldest jobs we had was in South Carolina last winter. The water temperature was 34 degrees and diving time was limited to thirty minutes in a one-hour period. The outside temperature was 20 degrees, and there was also a 50 mile-per-hour wind. When the diver climbed out of the water, his suit would literally freeze.

There is as much difference between commercial diving and skin diving as there is difference between day and night. For one thing if a job lasts for a week or longer, the diver can expect two to four days of after effects especially on a winter job. Also on most jobs you work straight through until the job is completed. One other important point to consider in commercial diving with the scuba is the necessity of a speedy, dependable method of charging cylinders. From our experience we have found that this requisite is best taken care of by means of a large portable air compressor unit.

There is no limit to the usefulness of scuba equipment in commercial diving. In this highly specialized field of diving considerable time and money will be saved by the application of scuba equipment to future subaqueous work. ➤

EVENTS FOR 1957 S.P.A.A.U. COMPETITION

Several areas have been suggested and will be announced in next bulletin. Notice of this meeting was sent out to our mailing list. Did you get yours? If not send a letter or card to Dave Bottles, 20 64th Place, Long Beach 3, Calif.

Has your group selected a representative to attend S.P.A.A.U. meets? He should be able to speak for his club. The next meeting will be Wednesday April 3rd, Roosevelt Park Club House, 7600 Graham Ave., Los Angeles, (1/2 block south of Florence on Pacific Electric right of way).

CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME COMMISSION ADOPTS 1957 REGULATIONS

A 16-inch minimum size limit on striped bass was adopted statewide and the use of commercial gear in taking them was prohibited.

The minimum size limit on kelp and sand bass was set at 11 inches (formerly 10½ inches). Regulations were changed to reduce the number of undersized California halibut, barracuda and white seabass which may be retained by anglers from five to two. ➤

Intake Water Filter for Compressors

An innovation in removal of water from compressed air has been installed by J. W. Beck, owner of Valley Diving Service in Midland, Mich.

A three-quarter inch steel tube connects the air intake on the pump to a 3½" X 18" heavy glass tube. A rubber cork at each end makes a snug fit. Filter pads inside of the tube keep material from entering the pump. Between the filter pads is a charge of CA-504. This material called Drierite comes in two forms, the white granules (very cheap) and the blue granules (expensive). They are mixed about 10-1 ratio.

The blue CA-504 is the indicator which at a glance will let the operator know when the charge is saturated with water. When the blue charge turns pink the charge is removed and heated to approximately 500° F. till the blue color returns.

When cool the charge can be reused with its original efficiency which is practically 100 percent. It is recommended that two filters be available. One in use and one for replacement.

Any Ingersoll-Rand compressor can easily be adapted to this filter. Filter materials can be purchased from Drierite Co., Xenia, Ohio. ➤



SEA FEVER

(Continued from Page 31)

though it was quite cold and a little darker at this depth I felt perfectly comfortable. My breathing was as unlabored as it would have been on land and my ears experienced no sensation of pain. However, I did have a slight case of "rapture of the depths" and started to giggle a little hysterically into my mouthpiece; the giggling stopped when Ravon glanced at me suspiciously.

During my stay at Cap Ferrat I made several dives with Ravon and Portelatine, some of them at a hundred and sixty feet. As I witnessed something of special interest during every descent, I find it extremely difficult to pick out one dive of more interest than another. There is however, one dive that I remember with exceptional clarity. On a typical morning such as one so often sees on the Riviera, when the sky is cloudless and the sea like glass, we anchored off the rocks of a small cove only ten minutes west of Nice. It was here, Ravon explained, that we were to visit the "coral grotto." The cave lies on the bottom in the side of a reef eighty feet down. I followed Ravon, hand over hand down the anchor chain and we were soon at the entrance of the grotto. Once accustomed to the light I was dazzled by my surroundings. A few feet below me lay a smooth white carpet of sand. We were careful however, to keep our flippers clear of the bottom in order to avoid stirring up its content. As we reached the back of the cave I was delighted by the many specimens of coral which decorated the grotto's walls. After breaking off several specimens we were obliged to make our way back to the entrance, for despite our caution, we had managed to stir up enough sand to mar our visibility.

Having left the cave, we continued our journey, following the reef to the bottom a hundred and twenty feet below the surface. Surrounded by that misty blue-grey light which always pervades the twilight zone we saw large groupers peering out cautiously from their watery caverns. As I examined one of these crevices I made out the unmistakable feelers of a "langouste" (a small, but none the less a very delicious Mediterranean lobster). But, when I reached out to grab it, Ravon gave me a very negative shake of the head. Upon arriving at the surface, he explained to me that it was considered as poaching and therefore quite against the law to

take lobsters or to hunt fish with the aid of a breathing apparatus.

The days passed quickly at Cap Ferrat and I spent many happy hours with Portelatine and Ravon—above and below the surface. Unfortunately as all pleasant experiences come to an end some time, so also did my stay at Cap Ferrat. I made my last dive late one Sunday afternoon when Portelatine, Servane and myself anchored off the rocks of Cap Ferrat in a hundred and sixty feet of very clear water. Gliding across the bottom we came across several giant clams planted in a patch of sand, each of which was at least a foot long. Unhappily time goes by very quickly underwater and we were soon obliged to return to the surface. As we went up I watched the reef grow more and more indistinct and then finally drop from sight far below. It was at this moment that I realized with sad regret that it would be many months until I would again see this world of solitude and beauty that I had grown to so love and respect.

"I must go down to the sea again
for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
that may not be denied." ▶

ANYONE FOR ENJOYMENT?

There used to be a time when tourists went to the Virgin Islands to sail on, or bathe in, the clear, blue waters of the Caribbean.

But nowadays, says Pan American World Airways, they are flying down to the resort islands to spend their vacation under the water.

Skin diving has become one of the island's leading attractions and the airline, in conjunction with the Fugazy Travel Bureau, is operating a series of Undersea Safaris leaving New York and Miami every Friday for a week-long stay.

The all-inclusive price of \$348 covers round-trip air transportation from New York, superior accommodations with private bath and terrace at the Virgin Isle Hotel for six nights, transfers, a sightseeing motor tour of the island and three full days aboard the cruiser Beachcomber.

Novices get instruction aboard the Beachcomber in the simple art of skin diving. Experienced guides demonstrate the proper use of masks, snorkels and fins. For the more advanced, aqua-lungs allowing longer periods underwater are available at a nominal rental. ▶

SKIN DIVERS DEMONSTRATE AT SPORTSMEN'S SHOW



See new and advanced diving equipment and techniques demonstrated daily in the "Under Water Theatre." Top skin divers will perform in a huge 7,000 gallon tank. Special underwater films will be shown before and after each demonstration.

APRIL 4 - 14

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Speed

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Diving

Mares Caraibi fins, as illustrated, were used in establishing the world's free-diving depth record of 134.51 feet.

Pennsylvania

MARES SWIM FINS

Mares swim fins are designed for the discriminating skin diver—the one who won't accept anything but the best. Now is the time for you to get a pair of these record-setting fins—you'll be amazed at the difference!



Here are some of the features which make these fins so outstanding:

- Foot pocket is slipper-type for snug fit and complete protection.
- Blade has offset angulation for increased thrust.
- Foot pocket and blade are made of highest-quality rubber to give maximum performance.

Mares swim fins are exclusively distributed by:
THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Pennsylvania Athletic Products Division
Akron, Ohio

"Preferred for Performance"



NORTHEAST NOTES

By DON LAMONT

Northeast Council of Skin Diving Clubs, P.O. Box 42, Shawsheen Village, Mass.

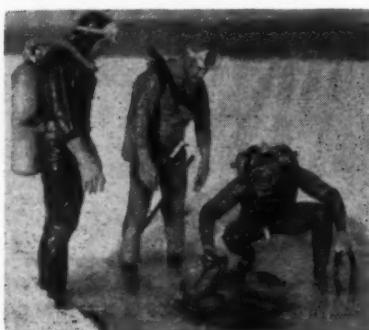
Subzero temperatures, deep snow, and strong winds all contributed toward making New England practically uninhabitable this winter. However, the calendar now indicates that spring has arrived which might be startling news to Council members who have ensconced themselves in warm houses, only venturing as far as the mail box to get their copies of SD magazine.

FROM DIRECTOR Ray Martin comes an account of a dive made through the ice in January at Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in Pigeon Cove Quarry, by members of the Massachu-



Massachusetts Amphibs — Rick Stafford, Joe Castelli and Jim Connolly.

sets Amphibs. The air temperature was a brisk 25 degrees with eight inches of ice on the quarry. Through a 3 by 4 foot opening went a veritable parade of skin divers—Nate and Pat Bartlett, Jim Connolly, Joe and Skip Castelli, Ray Martin, Joe Thomas, Rick Stafford and John Heffernan. Both dry and wet type suits were worn with all divers reporting no discomfort in 20 minutes of exposure. All regulators performed perfectly and were of three different types. Visibility beneath ice was approximately 20 feet. Water temperature not taken but skim ice formed during periods that the hole was not in use. A



Andover Sports Divers—Tom Murphy, Bob Savio, George Thompson and Ray Bergman.

nylon safety line was secured to each diver with the other end fastened to a car bumper.

THE CLUB THAT TRAGEDY BROUGHT TOGETHER — In the summer of 1956, a small boy was drowned near Lawrence, Mass. Independent divers from the area volunteered to help in the search and each was surprised to find that he wasn't "the only skin diver" after all. From this beginning grew the Andover Sports Divers Association, a strong and very active Council club much respected for its contributions to the community and Civil Defense. Skin diving in this club did not stop during the winter and boasts several excellent divers with interests ranging from sightseeing to spearfishing.

THE LEOMINSTER CD RESCUE DIVER UNIT is probably the most completely equipped of all Council diving clubs for any work involving body recovery or emergency work. Due to the success of this unit, Leominster —out of the thousands of CD organizations—ranks in the top seven nationally. Gene Parker reports that regular meetings of the group are held every Thursday evening from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. at the Leominster (Mass.) Recreation Center pool and conference rooms. A contributing factor to good attendance at meetings is the excellent equipment made available by city, state and National CD. The unit has an 11-ton truck for use on CD missions, completely equipped, also a panel truck with racks for SCUBA and accessory equipment. In the smaller truck is carried a portable compressor along with underwater lights and generators, extra gas, etc. To add to this wealth the club owns a trailer with a large Ingersoll Rand Compressor, a diving plane, underwater cameras plus clothing and spare parts. Gene states that the unit has developed some very effective search and recovery techniques.

MASSACHUSETTS LAW as it pertains to the Skin diver. To take lobsters, one year residency is required. License fee is \$5.00 and a different license is required for each county. Minimum lobster length is 3-3/16", measured in the same way as indicated in this column on Maine lobster. No maximum size limitations. Town clerks of various towns should be contacted concerning clams and oysters. It is of



MARJORIE M. TURNER
NE Diver of the Month

Secretary of the Maine Marine Alpine Club

course illegal to mutilate a lobster in catching it—in other words no spears. The only salt water fish prohibited to spearing is the striped bass.

EVER WONDERED about insurance coverage while you are diving? Jim Cahill, former UDT Instructor, may have the answer with his "Open Letter to All Frogmen on Insurance." If you would like a copy, write to Jim at 50 Conant Street, Danvers, Mass.

COUNCIL DIVER of the month—A five foot three-inch blonde, Marge Turner graduated from Portland High School and Westbrook Junior College where she participated in every sport from swimming to fencing. After school days she traveled extensively from Maine to Hawaii, settling in Massachusetts for a year as secretary to an archaeologist working on the restoration of the First Iron Works of America. Talented Marge is also a graduate practical nurse and is now employed as a secretary-bookkeeper for the Chesley Construction Corporation of Portland, Maine.

"However active my life had been previous to March, 1956," Marge relates, "it was nothing compared to the episodes that suddenly opened when I joined the newly formed Maine Marine Alpine Club and was elected secretary."

Welcome to the Blue Coast

By Jim Dugan

Two leading French clubs have opened permanent headquarters to which American brothers-in-the-skin are warmly invited. The clubhouse of Exploration Sous-Marines on the waterfront at Port Lympia, Nice, (14 Quai de Docks) houses a compressor, showers, dressing rooms, a cocktail bar, and the latest **Mistral** Aqua-Lungs. The energetic leaders, Jean Ravon and Andre Portelatine, speak English and make two daily sorties in their tender to the best diving grounds. Young lady members accompany these trips.

In Juan-les-Pins the veteran Club de la Mer has a clubhouse with all social and equipment facilities and a fascinating collection of archeological finds. The president is Jean Delmas. His cohort is the unique Loulou (Louis Lehoux), who has introduced hundreds of visiting **plongeurs** to the wonderful reefs off Eden Roc. A dive with Loulou usually ends in convulsions. Of laughter, that is.

Some unknown wag recently sent Loulou a forged notification that he was to receive the **Legion d'Honneur**. When Loulou realized it, some unknown wag sent Portelatine a forged navy mobilization order to report in full kit at Toulon and go dive in the Suez Canal.

Speaking of the canal, people need not rush off to make underwater salvage photographs. Jacques Ertaud flew out as soon as clearing began and found the underwater visibility less than a foot. ➤

From a neophyte diving in the "Y" pool, the 26-year old Miss Turner has long since graduated to Scuba diving in the tricky, cold waters of the Atlantic. "With the club," she smilingly recalls, "I not only learned about snorkel and Scuba diving but also the art of self-preservation when driving over the roughest, toughest roads in New England hunting for unusual diving spots, and also how to get in and out of three pairs of underwear plus a rubber suit while crammed into the front seat of a car."

Confident of her diving ability and feeling that she is equally as good a diver as any of the men in her club "except where great depths are concerned," 110-pound Marge echoes the sentiments of us all in saying "Skin diving is here to stay and I'm with it all the way." ➤

FOR MORE
exploratory FUN



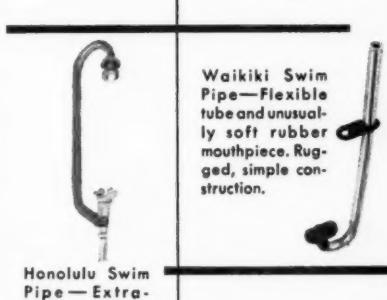
PENNSYLVANIA'S

Fathomlite and Snorkels

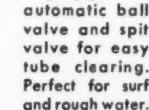
To complete your skin diving equipment and assure the most underwater enjoyment, Pennsylvania brings you the new Fathomlite and other accessories, tested and approved by Hawaii's skin divers. These items are a "must" for every diver. See them at your favorite skin diving specialty shop or sporting goods dealer.



Fathomlite waterproof case, made especially for big beam, 5 or 6 cell flashlights. Affords superior underwater vision, regardless of depth.



Waikiki Swim Pipe—Flexible tube and unusually soft rubber mouthpiece. Rugged, simple construction.



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SAFEST!
MORE ACCURATE!
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Here is the sensational MIGNON—the only internal rubber-powered gun of its type in the entire underwater sports field. Years of scientific research have been devoted to developing this masterful gun. It's the easiest type to load—and in a variety of ways. The MIGNON is silent! It has greater power; it can be aimed at eye level. No danger of injury! It's more elastic; has less loading friction and less friction in action; needs no lubrication; indifferent to sand, and the elastic can be simply and quickly replaced without tools! Safety catch! Highly maneuverable in rocks and jetties.

Standard Model—34" Reg. \$19.95 Now! **\$15.95** ppd.
Same power as Standard Arbalete

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Canvas Carrying Case—\$3.95 ppd. Extra 1 pc Elastic—\$2.95 ppd.

Send 25¢ to include your name on our Permanent Club list. You receive periodically, FREE, all latest French, English, Italian and domestic catalogs that include cameras, masks, fins, snorkels, etc. and our monthly specials.

Richard's tests and checks all equipment under actual oceanic conditions. One Year Guarantee. We are the ONLY AUTHORIZED Aqualung repair depot in the country.

All items shipped postpaid.



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GREATER POWER!**

A RICHARD'S EXCLUSIVE! PURGING TUBE KIT

Here's a must for all dry suit owners, designed by Richards for the development of skin diving! Attach Purging Tube to chest and exhale all air from suit before diving—prevents creases, eliminates extra weights and prevents leaks. Suit can also be inflated in water for buoyancy as life preserver.



Can be bought no where else! Only at Richard's!

\$2.95

Complete Kit

THE PURGING TUBE IS NOW BUILT-IN ON A L
RICHARD'S DRY SUITS—AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

CYCLOPS MASK

For the near sighted. Round shatterproof lens, curved outward. When worn underwater, water takes shape of outside of face plate and forms a corrective lens. If user's prescription is preceded by minus (—) and it's —1.75 or more, lens will afford a correction.

\$6.95

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Counselors and outfitters for world-wide underwater expeditions.

FLORIDA SKIN DIVERS ASSOCIATION INC.

Message from the New President:

I accept the office as President of the Florida Skin Divers Ass'n., Inc. with full knowledge of the responsibilities of that office. There is no question that 1957 is a critical year for skin divers and spearfishermen throughout the state. This may possibly be the year to determine the future of this great sport in Florida. I believe that with the cooperation of the other officers and the general membership of FSDA, 1957 will prove to be a successful and profitable year.

The session of the Florida State Legislature is now upon us. If the FSDA is to fight for the future of the sport, we must have the full support of all member clubs, independent divers, and dealers in the southeast.

As President, I would like to see all diving clubs, all skin divers not affiliated with a club, and all dealers align



NEW F.S.D.A. OFFICERS . . . (l-r) Gene Kruger, Harold McEvoy, Bill Jackson, Marianne Waldheim and Walter Lohmann. These new officers need the support of all clubs, divers and business people for the coming year and the current legislative season.

themselves with FSDA, Inc., the only statewide association with every skin divers interest at heart. Only through an enlarged and active membership can we make ourselves heard and be recog-

nized as sportsmen in the true sense of the word. Join now, today! We desperately need fighting dollars and fighting spirit. If you or your club wait until the summer diving season arrives

to affiliate, that will be after the decisions have been made in Tallahassee. We need your membership, now.

FSDA, its officers and members wish to extend our sincere thanks to Bill Stephens, editor of "Florida Outdoors" Magazine for publishing our monthly news, and to "Skin Diver" magazine for carrying our message to the Florida skin divers.

In closing, may I thank all the members of FSDA who were instrumental in conferring upon me the honor of President. I shall do my best to justify that trust.

(Signed)

President, FSDA, Inc.
Harold J. McEvoy

Your newly elected president has here pointed out the job ahead of us for 1957. Our rights and privileges as sportsmen are in jeopardy. The annual January meeting for the election of officers was held in Fort Pierce on January 19 and 20. Your new officers are: President—Harold J. McEvoy of Tampa; Vice President—Bill Jackson of St. Petersburg; Secretary-Treasurer—Marianne Waldheim of Coral Gables. New directors: Southern District—Archie Fields from Hialeah; East Coast—Buzz Campbell of Palm Beach; West Coast—Hardy Bryan of St. Petersburg; and Northern—Walton McJordan Jr. of Orlando. Walter Lohmann, immediate past president, is Chairman of the Board of Directors.

John M. Erving, Jr., formerly Executive Secretary of the Northeast Council was appointed to that same position in the FSDA. Mr. Erving, President of East Coast Aquatic Supply Co., Inc., will be contacting clubs and potential club groups throughout the state on regular business trips.

The FSDA meeting also voted to incorporate the association, thus relieving any member from personal liability in regard to FSDA functions and affairs.

Three types of memberships are provided for in the new corporate charter. 1) Club Membership is established at \$2.00 per year per member with a minimum of 10 active members per club. 2) Independent Membership for those in areas where no club exists or for those divers

that do not care to affiliate with a local club is set at \$5.00 per year. 3) Sponsoring Memberships for the retail diving equipment dealers at \$10.00, \$20.00, or \$30.00 per year. Interested dealers and club groups are requested to send for special registration forms to FSDA, Inc. PO Box 7373, Orlando, Florida. Independent members may complete the registration form and mail to FSDA with your dues. We need you in the FSDA! We need you today in the FSDA!

FSDA is happy to acknowledge through this column receipt of a substantial contribution to our legislative fund from Underwater Sports, Inc., of Miami. Our thanks, Gentlemen. By helping us you are helping yourself.

Foul weather and dredging operations caused cancellation of the 1956

Florida Open Spearfishing Tournament in St. Pete. Our director Hardy Bryan has retained the prizes and plans to reschedule the meet in late May or early June.

The city of St. Petersburg under the direction of Director Hardy Bryan is sponsoring what is believed to be the first city-sponsored course in skin and scuba diving. The course running one night a week for four weeks will cover all phases of basic diving techniques. Assisting Mr. Bryan will be six members of the FSDA affiliated club, the St. Petersburg Underwater Club.

The official address of the association is: Florida Skin Divers Association, Inc., P.O. Box 7373, Orlando Florida. JOIN TODAY.

By John M. Erving, Jr. ►

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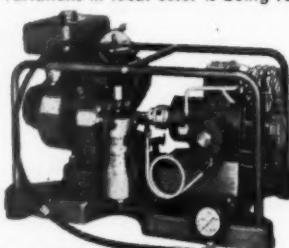
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MASCOT

(Continued from Page 23)

Barracuda-looking Sierra's about two feet long! All of the divers chased the Sierra's madly shooting and reloading on the run. I simply sank to the bottom and waited as the swirling mass of fish passed by. A big one slowed up just long enough for me to fire right at it. Crunch! I hit it! The shaft slipped through the silver body and it was mine!

I rose to the surface with as much a grin as I could risk without gulping water. On the end of my line was the twisting, convulsive, captive Sierra—the only one in the whole school apprehended.

I held it up for the edification of the disheartened divers, just to let them know that it was a complete injustice to sentence me to dig the outhouse hole! They exclaimed, and I was a member of the group from then on. I looked at the silver streak, as I slipped it into the gunny sack. I wondered how I ever hit it!

“Grouper! Grouper!” someone yelled. We swam over to the excited diver. “Down there—under that ledge!”

The ink under the ledge which rolled over to form a hole looked a trifle scary to me. It appeared to be about 30 feet down too. Our ace diver, a past president of the club, hyperventilated, and then sank. I watched intently as he approached the gap. Another diver went down. Then another. By this time, there were four divers hovering by the black hole. “Swish”—went the spear shaft into the hole. By the contortions of the ace diver, I could tell contact was made.

The men pulled and tugged and strained at the wire lead to the shaft. Up they flipped for air. Down again, and the fight with the monster in the hole commenced again. By now, I could see the dorsal fin of the grouper impaled in the roof of the hole, in a last ditch effort to remain in the hole. Up again the divers surged for air. This time the two gapping holes in the fish tore down its resistance and strength—out it slid.

Five days of similar excitement made sleeping at night—with all the bugs—a very easy thing to do. I did witness the largest cockroach I've ever seen, as it emerged from a hole in the floor of the cafe and sauntered across the 30 foot floor in approximately ten steps!

If you want a spearfisherman's vacation, go to Puerto Penasco, Sonora, Old Mexico. Even though I had to dig the *you know what's*, stand sentry over the Grouper, and clean all the fish, I still had the time of my life!

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CONNECTICUT COUNCIL OF SKIN DIVERS

By RONNIE GANN

The first of many lectures by qualified Scuba and Spearfishing experts was presented by the Connecticut Council of Skin Divers in Hartford on January 18, 1957 in the Hartford Gas Company auditorium.

Doctor James E. Stark, Lt. Commander, USN was the principal speaker. His interesting and diversified talk will long be remembered by over 100 divers attending of the various subjects covered, his commentaries on Medical Diving Problems, Symptoms and Treatment were of the more memorable.

Dr. Stark, himself a most accomplished diver, was accompanied by Lt. Georg Enright of the U.S. Submarine Base Training Tower in New London, also a most experienced diver and spearfisherman. Both men answered many questions on skin and Scuba diving, and although a 45 minute talk had previously been planned, interest and the added desire of those in attendance to gather in a bit of the wealth of information each officer had to offer, detained the Doctor and Lieutenant al-

most four hours! Dr. Stark, by the way, is the Assistant Officer-in-Charge of the U.S. Naval Medical Research Laboratory at the New London Sub Base.

We should like to thank these men publicly for the most informative and enjoyable evening ever spent in our five or six years of diving.

The following clubs were in attendance: The YMCA Gillmen, Associated Skin Divers, Connecticut Underwater Diving Association, Norwalk Skin Divers, Northwestern Connecticut Skin Divers, Narragansett Spearfishing Club, Rhode Island Underwater Spearfishing Club, Skin Divers of America, representatives from both the Hartford Park Department and Hartford Red Cross, and of course the sponsors of this successful meeting, the Underwater Sea Devils of Connecticut.

The newly elected officers of the Connecticut Council of Skin Divers are William H. Jacobs, Council Representative; Joseph Stalk, Treasurer; John Shaugnessy, Secretary. The Council was incorporated in October of 1956 and is now composed of five clubs throughout the state. The Council is most anxious to hear of existing clubs in and around New London, New Haven, Danbury, Norwich and Torrington, and it is requested that representatives from these groups contact John Shaugnessy, 16 Beverly Place, Norwalk, Connecticut.

Future plans of the council include additional lectures, diving exhibitions, tournaments and close cooperation with state officials in regard to conservation, education and water safety. The Connecticut Council is working in close alliance with the Empire State Council, the Rhode Island Council, and is currently establishing contact with the New Jersey Council. ►►

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"GOLD" (Continued from page 18)

I told Flowers about the dropoff. Before we could say anymore, eight or nine men came running up, including Shepard, who started shouting that I had found the chest but was lying to them about not finding it.

I wanted to go back and find the chest to prove to them I would tell them when I found it, but without any air I was helpless and also freezing. I had cut my rubber suit on a sharp rock and the cold water leaked in.

We explained our problem and promised to come back next spring to finish the job. The men talked it over and grudgingly let us go, hostilely informing us that they had better never see us again, at least until springtime.

We loaded the gear in the car and headed for Charlotte where we could get some food since we hadn't eaten since yesterday morning.

When we arrived in Charlotte, my nerves had calmed down and I was ready to make another try at finding the chest.

We decided that we would try to find an oxygen supply house and get my aqua lung refilled. But it was Sunday and all of the several oxygen houses we found were closed. I went to see an owner of one of the oxygen houses and told him it was very important that

we get some air for my aqua lung. I think I told him some story about diving for a fisherman who had drowned.

He believed us and we had the lung refilled in a matter of minutes.

On the way back we were figuring how we would use our share of the lot. I was planning on buying a schooner and sailing around the world and I guess Flowers was planning to buy a harem full of girls.

We approached the bridge crossing the rapids not far from the innsite. As we rounded the bend of the dirt road and started across the bridge, two men jumped from the bridge railing brandishing shotguns. We had no choice but to stop.

It was too late to turn around and go back.

One of them came up to the car and said, "How was your trip to Puerto Rico?"

And the other leered at us and commented that it was a nice spring day.

Flowers and I sat there gasping weakly, our minds racing with panic.

I didn't give those shotguns a chance to show their worth. We gunned the car and make a getaway that would have done honors to Dillinger.

Maybe, someday, when I get those nightmarish shotguns out of my mind, I might try once more to find that chest full of gold in the swimming hole. □



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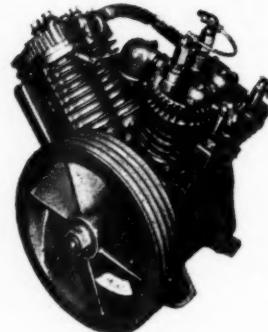
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CLUB NEWS



Page 47 through 57

CLUB REPORTS are submitted bi-monthly by club publicity representative, one typewritten page, double spaced, 100 words per report. NEW CLUBS should file their official name and address with "Skin Diver," they will then receive a schedule of the months their report will be published in this section of the magazine and be placed on the Club Roster. A sample constitution and by-laws furnished upon request.

SKIN DIVER is collecting club emblems or patches from underwater organizations around the country; please send yours soon if we have not received it already. We would also like to receive a marine specimen, stuffed, dried, painted, shells, etc., from each club. These specimens will be placed on display in our office.

Rochester, N. Y. . . .

FINGER LAKE FATHOMERS

By Don Wadams

Our last dive was at Kueka Lake, water temperature 33°, 15 foot visibility at 90 foot depth, with underwater lights. The North end of Kueka Lake was frozen solid but the South tip was free of ice. We revisited an old 70 foot wooden boat that we had explored during the summer.

The "Fathomers", remain in condition in the Y.M.C.A. pool during the winter. They conduct skin diving classes and give lectures on diving to promote public interest.

We welcome any joint dives with neighboring or distant clubs. We dived several times with the Syracuse Aqua Kings and the Buffalo Aqua Club. Every spring some of our members go to Florida for some clear water diving. We would like to dive with a Florida Club.

Our address is: The Finger Lake Fathomers, C O Don Wadams, 407 Plymouth Avenue South, Rochester, N. Y. >>

Chicago, Illinois . . .

CHICAGO AQUA VENTURERS

By Robert M. Hill

The Chicago Aqua Venturers announces the results of their 1957 election of officers as follows:

George Iverson, president; Dr. Raymond Marcus, vice president; Ed (Moray) Morlan, second term as secretary; "Chuck" Sopcek, treasurer.

The greater part of last year was devoted to extending our facilities, but it looks like we will be able to get in a lot of diving this year. >>

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

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In little over a year, PRO has already "obsoleted" the old, conventional scuba principles. Diver trainers, registered master divers, sportsman divers—those who depend on scubas every day—are endorsing PRO! The reasons: PRO "Pressure-Equalizer" Mouthpiece, non-flooding design, tough single hose and swivel fitting, 100% corrosion-proof materials, low cost, and many more. Complete (as shown) \$79.95. Mouthpiece, hose, tank-valve only \$34.95. Get the facts before you "plunge". Write Rose Aviation, Inc., Dept. 101, Aurora, Ohio.

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St. Petersburg, Florida . . .

CORAL CAVE MEN OF TREASURE ISLAND

By Preston Brock

Water temp. 68 degrees; air temp. 74 degrees; water visibility fair in some areas, very good in others.

Because our sunny state has been blessed with balmy weather the Coral Cave Men have continued diving activities all through winter. Our water temperatures are quite a bit higher during the winter than up north.

Our club has obtained new facilities for transportation and will therefore be able to take more trips to regions having those crystal clear waters.

Plans have been made for our coming summer diving season and promise many activities to keep the club busy diving. Our plans for making a "wreck" in the gulf by dumping old bricks and pipes etc. into a certain area are nearing reality. The actual "dumping" should begin in April if everything goes according to schedule. ➤

"SEA SECRETS are prepared by The Marine Laboratory of the University of Miami, acting as official fisheries research agency for the Florida State Board of Conservation. Questions are welcomed and should be addressed to SEA SECRETS, care of Skin Diver."

Question: When is the best time of day to spot fish from the air? Mr. Ralph Mortensen, Jacksonville, Florida.

Answer: Maine pilots report the best time to spot herring from the air is a few hours before dark. This is the time when the fish rise to the surface and move in towards shore. From the air the fish show up as a dark area, but the spotter must know his bottom, since a field of kelp or submerged ledges will also show up in this manner.

The Piper Cub type of plane seems to be ideal for herring spotting. For one thing, this type of plane permits the spotter to open the door and look down with nothing between him and the sea but thin air. Locally the menhaden fleets depend to a great extent on airplanes to find them fish.—"Sea Secrets."

Long Island City, New York . . .

LONG ISLAND CUDAS

By Bob Studen

As of February 25, 1957, the Under Sea Explorers Club of Astoria, the Sea Kings, and the original Long Island Cudas, became one club.

The name of the club is the Long Island Cudas. The club president is Boris (Buzzy) Sojka, who was the president of the original L.I. Cudas. Our club now will be in the old space for the Under Sea Explorers Club, which no longer exists. Big outings and weekend diving trips are being planned for our club. Any correspondence can be sent to: LONG ISLAND CUDAS, c/o Robert Studen, 31-67 41 St., L.I.C. 3, N.Y. ➤

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SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

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Amarillo, Texas . . .

AMARILLO SKIN DIVERS ASSOCIATION

By Carlos F. Moore Jr.

Water condition, always muddy. New officers were elected and they are as follows: Pres., E. W. Carlile; Vice-Pres., B. I. Sims; Secretary, C. F. Moore Jr.; Treasurer, G. Trociano; Pub. Chm., W. H. Kelso. A banquet was held in honor of "Mr. Skin Diver of 1956" who was B. I. Sims. Sims deserved this honor because of his participation in the club's activities and his interest in the development of the club. ▶

Syracuse, New York . . .

SYRACUSE AQUA KINGS

By Lowell S. Pickup

Water Temp. 34°—Water condition: Visibility fair to good, ice over most areas—Air Temp. Unseasonably warm—Average 36°.

The rapid growth of skin diving in the East can be seen in the steps taken by the Syracuse Aqua Kings during the winter month. Instead of an anticipated slack in diving interest because of cold weather, attendance at meetings is actually ahead of last summer, thanks to new interest by new and older members alike.

Preparations for the coming season are in full swing, and an early break up of ice over diving areas is expected because of unseasonably warm weather. The club has purchased an Ingersoll-Rand compressor and accessories in running order, and individual members are repairing old, as well as designing and making new equipment. We feel our meetings have been improved by the adoption of a weekly topic for discussion period, consisting of a brief talk on some aspect of diving by a member, followed by open discussion among the members. ▶

Newington, Connecticut . . .

ASSOCIATED SKIN DIVERS

By Paul D. Schmanska

As far as we know, the fish in our part of the Atlantic Ocean are way out to sea where it's deep and warm—not on the edges where we find it easiest to get. Aside from a 30-minute dive last November and a five-minute try in January by some of the hardiest divers, we've restricted our water activity to the winter training program at the Burr Junior High School pool.

The major exception to the indoor swimming was Cliff Johnson's recovery at the Rockville Reservoir of a couple of automatic shotguns for two hapless duck hunters. That was also in January. Using Scuba, Cliff found the guns in 12 cold feet of clear, cold water on a clean cold bottom. It all took about five minutes and the hunters were so happy they gave Cliff a \$50 bill. This warmed him up nicely. ▶

Honolulu, Hawaii . . .

HAPA PA DIVERS

By A. L. Zane

Our club has an active membership of about 25 active members at present and is one of the first organized skin and scuba diving clubs in Hawaii. We hold frequent skin diving meets among members of the club, including scuba meets where the member of the club who takes the largest catch in three consecutive months wins a large and beautiful trophy donated by local merchants. The most recent trophy was awarded to Dick Davis who turned in the following catches: 12½-lb. Uku; 33-lb. leopard ray; and a 40-lb. Kahala. Incidentally, the name of the club in Hawaiian means "Half-Fish". ▶

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH?

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January 25th., 1957.

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Attn: Bill Barada

Dear Sirs:
The purpose of this letter is twofold. The first and most important is to express our genuine praise on the performance of your exposure suits.

Our diving operations require swimming in the most corrosive sea water in the world and along a bottom that is a maze of sunken logs, tangled, broken, and frayed steel cables.

These extreme hazards to exposure suits are found in the log ponds of pulp mills and saw mills. Under these conditions, the average life of a suit was in the order of 1 and 1/2 months. At the end of this period a rubber suit acquired something like 150 patches not to mention the vulcanizing of long rips and was literally falling apart due to the many active chemicals (alkalis, sulfites, lignins, etc) from pulp mill effluents.

In nine months of diving operations (3 divers), a total of 18 rubber suits found their way into the trash can. These included practically every type and make we could find during this time.

Last August we tried your Bel-Aquas. To-day almost six months later, we are pleased to report that out of 3 suits, the only casualties are two tiny pin holes. These were acquired from a straight on hit with a frayed cable. Minute examination has indicated no deterioration from the heavy concentration of dissolved chemicals in the sea water.

We can find no fault with your rubber suits other than the thin rubber of the feet and cuffs.

The second purpose of this letter is to request a dealership to represent your truly wonderful exposure suits in this area.

May we hear from you.

Yours sincerely,
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Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

SALT LAKE SKIN DIVING CLUB

By James M. Parks

Water Temp., below freezing—Water condition, unknown—Air Temp., below freezing.

The diving activities of the Salt Lake Skin Diving Club have been greatly curtailed by our very cold weather. But the administrative activities have kept pace. We recently drafted a qualifying test after the Scripps Institution tests, to qualify our divers from junior to senior members. We've attended to such matters as membership cards, decals, legal incorporation, pamphlets of club rules and by-laws, photos and publicity. Our first published club report (February "Skin Diver") brought us several new members as did the publicity we got when "Silent World" played our town.

Our meetings have been held to monthly affairs with special meetings at local swimming pools to work on our qualifying tests. We are planning a social affair before the diving season starts again. ☺

Kansas City, Missouri . . .

KANSAS CITY FROGMAN CLUB

By Lue O'Connor

We have been very busy building a divers' observation tank to be used in our display at both a local sport show and the Kansas City premiere of "Silent World." We are being received with much enthusiasm by all interested in a glimpse of the unusual and wonderful world shared by all divers exclusively.

We are very proud of our club and its fine officers and members and this being our second organized year we have enjoyed quite a few very good dives and outings to date. Many big things are planned for this coming year, including an increase in our memberships. (Take heed, local divers). Anyone interested in joining or desiring information on building an observation tank for their club contact Jim Hays, Pres. Kansas City Frogman Club, 1027 E. 22nd Ave., North Kansas City, Mo. ☺

San Rafael, California . . .

MARIN SKIN DIVERS CLUB INC.

By Al Hart

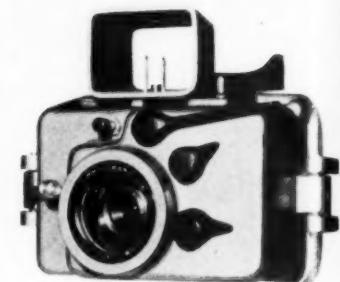
Because of the very mild winter, we of the club have been able to dive along the coast, especially at Salt Point, with only a few rainy days to force us home. Except for the fact that rain and storms keep us out of the water in the Fall and Winter, the best visibility is during these seasons. Spearfishing the last three months has been at its best.

We have two new members, Ken Adams and Stephen Hart, both of Santa Rosa. Stephen is our youngest member, 13 years of age and is out each week getting good size fish.

Dr. Robert Keast has gone Hollywood. That's right, he has appeared on the T.V. show "You Asked For It" and "I've Got a Secret." March 15th through the 17th the Marin Sport Show will again be held and the Marin Skin Divers will have a big part in that show, with a booth display of diving gear, movies and slides. Doc Keast will attempt to set an official world Record. His record at present is 10 minutes and 59.8 seconds.

We hold our monthly meeting at the Junior Museum in San Rafael, California, the first Monday of each month at 8:00 P.M. If you are interested in joining the club, just drop around to the meetings or phone Ralph Hendricks at GL 3-1877 or drop in and see Stan at the San Rafael Sporting Goods. ☺

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Seattle, Washington . . .

NOR'WEST DIVERS

By Anthony J. Nathe

Members of the Nor'West Divers will be teaching the Skin and Lung Diving course at the West Seattle YMCA, 8:30 to 9:30 every Sunday night for the ten week course. The cost of the course to the public will be \$10, with equipment furnished by the Seattle Skin Diving Supplies. Air will be extra cost.

It was always talked about, wouldn't it be nice to have a nice big boat to go diving with and be able to take all the air supply along that you wanted? Be able to go places that a small boat couldn't take you? Well, that problem is settled as of today. Frank Wolff and Anthony Nathe have purchased a 38' foot cabin cruiser to take the divers any place they can name. They will use it for charting service for the divers. If anyone wishes to go along on these Sunday diving cruises at \$2.00 per person for the day, call HO. 2-50 for arrangements to get on these trips every week end. Seattle Skin Diving Supplies will supply the air and diving gear for anyone wishing to rent gear, at a small fee, while on any of these trips. □

South Bend, Indiana . . .

WATER RAIDERS, INC.

By Elmora Brewer

The Water Raiders have elected their new officers for 1957 and they will be installed at the Annual Dinner. We will also have some underwater color films to show. The officers for '57 are: Robert Lucas, Kenneth Riddle, Elmora Brewer, and the Board of Directors: Phil Warner, Harold Brewer, Keith Sipress, William Wooley.

The Riddles and Brewers are back from a very wonderful and successful trip to the Florida Keys. They returned with many 35mm color slides and souvenirs from the Florida Reefs. They also bagged themselves some Barracuda, Mackerel, Mangrove Snappers and Leopard Rays. Those Leopard Rays can give quite a battle!!

One of our more hardy members namely Bill Wooley remained up North and went diving thru the ice! He can boast to be the first one of our group to go diving this year. □

Shelton, Washington . . .

SOUS MARIN

By Vern Morgus

Water Temp. 40—Water condition: rough—Vis. 40 feet at 20 feet on down—Air temp. 45°.

Our club has been organized three years and has had a constant membership of about 25.

Christmas Holiday we spent four days refloating a 28 foot cruiser which was abandoned two years ago in Oakland Bay. Kept her afloat by using two gasoline powered pumps and towed her four miles down Hammersley Inlet to my home where we pulled her above high tide on a ramp and blocked her up level. We have 10 ribs and 8 planks to replace, much scraping, fibreglassing, painting and remodeling to do. Will install a 1941 Chrysler auto engine for power. Will sleep eight and be used for cruising with our diving in Puget Sound country this summer.

February 9 we dived near Eldon on Hood Canal. Many rock cod. Jan Nelson saw our club's first octopus which was swimming. Speared it twice to get it ashore. Measured 10 feet. He then saw another on the rocks in 15 feet of water. Measured 11 feet across. Our neighborhoods have been eating octopus cooked a variety of ways. □

SKIN DIVER—April, 1957

Santa Cruz, Calif. . . .

SANTA CRUZ DEVIL DIVERS

By William B. Postel

This is a picture of our new club president elected on Jan. 8, 1957, Mr. Mel McCullough.

Also elected at the monthly meeting was W. Postel as vice-president, and Dean Snider as secretary-treasurer. We now have 13 active members, and need more to change this unlucky number.

Our luck was good during the Thanksgiving weekend last year. The club made a trip to Refugio Beach, California where some members took abs and bugs. The sky was clear, the air warm, and the sea calm and clear. The largest lobster taken was 14½ inches long. Carl Stearns got that one. This is truly a wonderful diving area.

Our first outing for 1957 was a cool one, at Monterey, Calif. The snow storm was moving in on us and prevented us from having the usual beach picnic. A few medium sized fish were taken and the water was its usual clarity. We all had about two hours of diving. □



Mel McCullough

Rockland, Mass. . . .

SOUTH SHORE NEPTUNES

By Donald H. LaVange

We are located south of Boston and dive all the ocean on the south shore of Massachusetts, the lakes and quarries. We are 27 in number, all equipped with lungs and suits. We own our own large Cornelius compressor and dive all year round. Our club was formed about two years ago with the intent of making a better name for the sport of skin diving in our area by safety rules obeyed by all members. □

Milwaukee, Wisconsin . . .

MIDWEST AMPHIBIANS

By Norb Pepinski

With the coming of cold weather and frozen lakes our diving enthusiasm has dropped to nil. A few of our members have braved the Racine quarry, tem. -5 below, water tem. +35, but had much trouble with regulator freeze up. During the winter months much of our time has been devoted to the survey of Great Lakes ship wrecks.

Some of our members have taken up skiing, but due to the high rate of injuries (cracked skulls and wrenched knees) we have decided to return to our first love, skin diving.

Two of our members, Ralph West and Fred Roberts, are continuing their classes in skin diving in conjunction with the new YMCA and the Red Cross. □

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Warren, Ohio . . .

BUCKEYE AQUA-DUCKS

By Sally Cummins

We believe that ours was one of the first skin diving clubs to be formed in the state of Ohio, since we started organizing early in 1953. Time, hard work and a sincere devotion to the sport have brought us to the place where we now have our own 36 foot fish tug which we have remodeled into a boat suitable for our purpose. That we feel is quite a step forward after spending the first couple of years diving from rowboats and off banks. While most of our members hail from Warren, "The Mermaid II" is anchored at Conneaut, Ohio, and our diving is done in the waters of Lake Erie surrounding that harbor.

Among our more exciting experiences was the salvaging of a large cabin cruiser which cracked up on the breakwall after some mechanical failure and another smaller yacht which was washed onto the rocks in a sudden storm.

Along with the "Pittsburgh Channel Cats," who were visiting us for the weekend, we were "Johnny-on-the-spot" and rescued all but one of eight persons when two small pleasure craft overturned in the harbor one holiday weekend.

The "Ducks" have proved useful to the commercial fishermen of the area by checking nets to see if they might be worth lifting before spending the time to do so, mending nets underwater, locating lost screws, anchors and the like and cutting free ropes which have become entangled in the props. ➤

Rahway, New Jersey . . .

MERMEN DIVING CLUB

By Martin Herman

We are proud to announce that we are once more an active organization. Due to lack of facilities our previous club folded, but now with access to the Rahway YMCA pool and clubroom, we are a going (swimming) concern. Meetings are held the second Thursday of every month.

At our second meeting, elections of new officers brought Marty Herman, Frank Morell and Bernie Ballin into office. We also discussed the formation of an underwater rescue squad, at the request of Elizabeth Chief of Police. Anyone interested in our organization please write to M. Herman, 204 E. Price St., Linden, N.J. ➤

Torrance, California . . .

AQUA GHOST

By Vince Bourne

A recent trip to Catalina was taken in by the *Aqua Ghost* with limits of lobster taken, and a few large sheepshead were speared . . . the biggest weighing in at 18½ pounds. We have been doing very well off Palos Verdes and the San Pedro Breakwater, with plenty of lobster being taken, also sheepshead between 13 and 18 pounds were speared. Future trips to Mexico and to San Clemente Island are being planned. We welcome correspondence from other clubs, write *Vince Bourne*, 2316 W. 239th St., Torrance, California. ➤

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VOLUME I — 1952 . . . Feb., May and Aug.

VOLUME II — 1953 . . . June and December

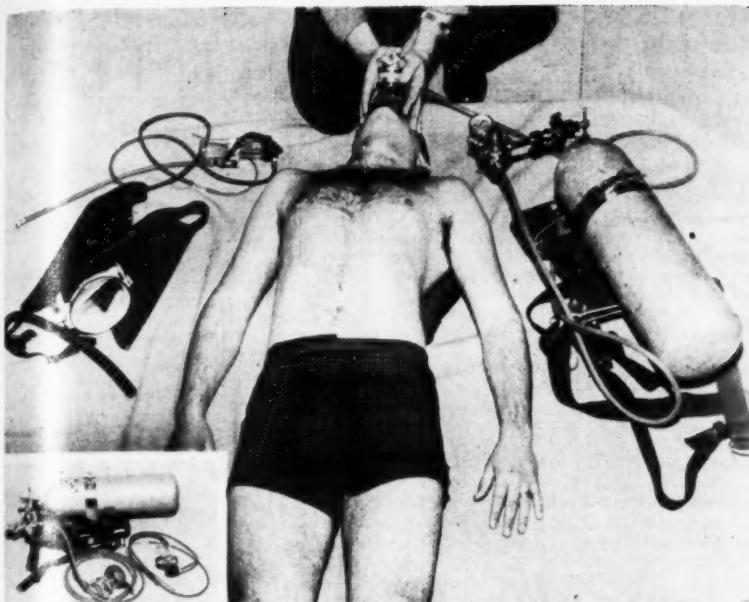
VOLUME IV — 1955 . . . Jan., Feb., March, May, Aug., Sept., Nov.

VOLUME V — 1956 . . . Jan., Feb., March, April, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.

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Highland, Indiana . . .

NEPTUNE'S NEPHEWS, INC.

By Robert Hansen

This winter diving isn't what it's cracked up to be, especially when the mercury gets 15° below. This is the time to sit around and spin yarns about the one that got away.

At the present time, we are working hard on our raffle and if everything goes well, we will have another boat and motor to start out with this spring.

Louis Holmes and John Ferris spent their vacations in the Bahamas and are now planning another trip for this August. With their glowing reports on the skin diving, it looks like they will have a few companions this time around.

"The Silent World" is in Chicago now, and it's a wonderful picture. Don't miss it. ➤

Hayward, Calif. . . .

AQUA TUTUS

By Mary Talevich

We are a new club, and have just completed our by-laws and constitution. Our diving members were trained at the Hayward School of Skin Diving, through the Hayward Recreation Department. The name, Aqua Tutus, means water safety in Latin. Our chief aim is to encourage safe and sane skin diving.

There are three member classifications in our club: Auxiliary-member, Member, and Dive Master. The Auxiliary member is a non-diving member who is actively interested in the sport of skin diving. The other two classification are of course our diving members.

We have elected the following officers: Mr. Milo Sands, President; Calvin McKee, Vice President; Ted King, Treasurer; Mable Beard, Recording Secretary; Mary Talevich, Corresponding Secretary. ➤

Rochester, New York . . .

ROCHESTER SPORT DIVERS

By Dave Shares

With the advent of minus sixteen degree weather, the enthusiasm of the Rochester Sport Divers Club has not been dampened. With the opening of Captain Cousteau's movie, "The Silent World" at the Little Theater in Rochester on Christmas Day, the Club set up a display of equipment in the lounge. The local newspapers carried notices of the display and shortly thereafter, we were contacted by Mr. Jack Hooley of station WROC-TV. He asked us if it would be convenient for him to take movies of a typical club meeting. To this we most heartily agreed. The film was taken at a local high school pool where we hold our regular monthly meetings and activities. The film was shown the following night, January 1, 1957, on the Eleventh Hour News. ➤

Lubbock, Texas . . .

WEST TEXAS SEAHORSES

By D. B. Weeks

Since we organized the West Texas Seahorses Diving Club in August of 1956, we have experienced tremendous success. Lubbock is a booming town of about 135,000 people, so a club of this type, on the Plains of Texas, has not been lacking in support.

During the fall, we had several interesting field trips besides our regular Thursday night meetings. Our meetings are still continuing and as soon as the weather permits, we will embark upon more of the interesting fields.

Up to the present time, we have 14 active members in Lubbock's West Texas Seahorse Diving Club. Anyone interested in this field of activity should feel free to contact me at 3001 - 28th, Lubbock, Texas. ➤

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A new handy resuscitator which attaches to any size cylinder and may be used on any SCUBA unit was introduced recently by the Himalayan Pak Company, San Jose, California. The portable, compact instrument will be available to skin diving clubs, individual sportsmen and other users of air lungs.

The resuscitator automatically breathes for a person whose respiration has ceased and exerts sufficient suction to remove water from the throat. Identical to the resuscitator used by fire departments, first aid squads, ambulance services and in hospitals, it exerts medically approved positive and negative pressures and signals if an obstruction is present.

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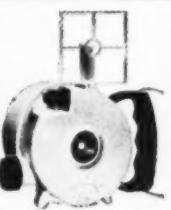
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Kwajalein, Marshall Islands . . .

THE REEF RAIDERS

Chief Warrant Officer

W. H. Mac Innes, USN

Attention, skin diving brothers from the northern parts of the U. S. During the month of January the high temp. has been 86°, low 81°, water temperature 76°, rain negligible, underwater visibility about 80 to 100 ft.

The Reef Raiders have had two successful week-end trips this month. The first up to Kwadak Atoll, about 22 miles from Kwajalein, occupied by one native couple who were away fishing on their outrigger. Van Aller shot a 25-lb. grouper which was eaten by a five foot Mako shark before he could get to the LCM. "Sad Sack" Sanisac then speared the shark and brought it to shore and hung it in a coconut tree. When breaking camp Sunday evening everyone forgot the shark. When the native couple returned four days later, the shark was quite "ripe" with the odor gently wafted by the trade winds toward their native hut. The couple made an immediate complaint to the Department of Interior Islands Administrator and a ruling was made that no more overnight trips for the club could be made on inhabited islands or atolls.

January 26 and 27 a group of eighteen club members went up to Omelak Island, about 26 miles from Kwajalein. Once camp was established in the jungle, all supplies having to be brought from the motor launch over the reef via a seven man life raft, the diving was terrific. We secured about twenty-five killer clams, none over fourteen inches however. A feast of red snapper, broiled coconut crabs and longusta washed down with eight cases of ice cold beer followed. ➤

New Britain, Connecticut . . .

NORWESCON SKIN DIVERS

By Jack Hricko

In December 1956 a group of seven enthusiastic swimmers headed by veteran divers William Carlson and Joseph Cser banded together to form the Northwestern Connecticut Skin Divers Club. The club is dedicated to safety in the water and the proper and safe use of Scuba.

The club has been touring the state presenting demonstrations of techniques and equipment at various YMCA's. Highlights include lifesaving techniques, underwater changeovers and the serving of underwater refreshments (Coke and cheeze). Membership has now grown to ten and we expect to be incorporated into the local YMCA soon. ➤

San Francisco, California

GOLDEN GATE AQUA KNIGHTS

By Robin Kinhead

Our intrepid band of divers has been hitting the 49-degree waters of Carmel through the winter, even when there's frost on the fields and snow on the peaks. Of late we have organized friendly competitions with other clubs in the area, for interest, sport and practice for the Central California meet. The other Sunday eight of our boys competed against eight from the Sea Lions, doughty divers all, for the biggest single fish and greatest total weight. One of our lads, Dave Lloyd, is a mighty spearman, he hunts regularly at 50 feet. Ed Galindo and Ron May, who recently met the 12-foot Great White Shark, are consistent fish-getters. Result is lung diving has lapsed in favor of the more sporting free diving. Commercial fishermen recently harpooned and landed a 17-foot 2800-pound Great White Shark in the Monterey Area. It was scooping off giant mouthfuls of a harmless basking shark they were taking into dock. ➤

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin . . .

AQUATIC BADGERS

By Louis De Pas

Matt Jacobchick, president of our club, and Larry Bethe, our vice president, went to Spencer, Iowa at the request of the Spencer Daily Reporter to assist in the recovery of a sixteen year old boy who had drowned in Lake Okoboji. Because of the lack of experienced skin divers in the Spencer area, Matt and Larry were called with several divers from other states.

The boy's body was not recovered due to the frequent complaints of divers concerning the dragging operations which stirred up the water and thus cut down their visibility.

Off the drawing board and into production went a power diver, the brain child of a few of our mechanical minded members. The way things seem to be shaping up, I do believe it is going to work. Well, if not, they can always buy a Pegasus (chuckle, chuckle). ▶

Dayton, Ohio . . .

DAYTON "Y" DIVERS

By Tim Koverman

Help from Dayton. Diving is really "cool" here. The waters around Dayton seem to have more ice on them this year than last year. The ice ranges from one to six inches in thickness.

Most of the diving is done with rubber suits and as much insulation as possible worn underneath. In the middle of January a few of our members went through the ice without full rubber suits. In our next report we will give you their reactions—That is if they thaw out by that time! ▶

Springfield, Mass. . . .

MASSACHUSETTS SEA LIONS

By Paul W. Dower

We are having a very active winter, making suits, reading "Skin Diver" and putting our equipment in top shape. Some of the members have been testing their new suits by diving through the ice. We have found that the 3/16 neoprene wet suit made to fit skin tight offers good protection.

Our January meeting, in charge of Vet. Jameison and Ed. Keenan, was held at the Springfield College Pool, it consisted of contests and games, prizes were awarded to Bob MacLeod and Jack Ley.

We plan to put a display at the local Bijou theater when the movie Silent World will be shown, and will put on several demonstrations at the Springfield Sports Show in April. This year they will have a large tank with transparent sides filled with marine life, including skin divers. ▶

Vienna, Austria

ARBEITSGEEMEINSCHAFT FUR**TAUCHTECHNIK**

By Ivo H.

Our society was founded in April 1956 and has now been incorporated. We have about 25 members and our society is based on designing new devices for underwater sport-work and safety. In Austria we have only freshwater (where spearfishing is prohibited) as our diving grounds, however this year we will make a club expedition to the Italian and French Riviera.

We are very glad to get in contact with divers all over the world, reading this magazine and at this point we would like to ask the clubs and firms, producing or trading diving needs to send us their club paper, catalogs or price lists in exchange for our own club paper.

For further information about our society, please write to IVO H., V/133 Postfach 21, Vienna, Austria, Europe. ▶



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Ashiya, Japan . . .

KYUSHU SENSUIFU SKIN DIVERS CLUB

By S/Sgt. Don E. Ernest

The first new year meeting of the Kyushu Sensuifu Skin Divers was held at the home of Roy Collins. Attendance, beer, and popcorn were all tops.

A new recruiting program was approved having skin diving film ordered, including an open meeting to everyone in the Kyushu Island area. A publicity, training, and membership committee were chosen and everything from trips to contests were discussed.

Received a letter from Bill Wood of the "Aquateers" of Camp Borden, Ontario, Canada, including pictures of their winter scuba dive in 15 degree below zero temperature. The letter and pictures were viewed by our club members, and everyone thought they were great. Thank you "Aquateers."

The K.S.S.D.'s would also like to send thanks to the other clubs established by the military on military installations. Your letters and stories in the "Skin Diver" are part of our convincing material used to put the sport of skin diving equal to the other sports at this base.

Any clubs in the Far East area that would be interested in planning a Far East skin diving meet this summer or fall season, it would be appreciated if you would contact me at the address below. Just about every sport there is (except skin diving) has a tournament sometime during the four seasons in this part of the world, and we of the Sensuifu's figure there are enough skin divers in Japan and the surrounding areas to be included in these sport activities. Don't you?—S/Sgt. Donald E. Ernest AF 12378955, 483D Field Maint. Sq. APO 75, Box 202, San Francisco, California. ➤

Valparaiso, Indiana . . .

GREAT LAKES SKIN DIVERS

By Douglas C. Hemstreet

Just starting. Does anyone else already have this name? We decided to buy an Army Duck to use for salvage work and club outings—if we can find one! We've started our membership drive—anyone in Northern Indiana phone 3-6591 or write me at 510 Emmetsburg, Valparaiso. Hope to have everyone interested in diving in our area as an active member, or registered with us as an area diver, or interested party. Like to hear from all clubs and divers in the Calumet and Greater Chicago area. ➤

Long Beach, California . . .

"SUBAQUAS"

By Laurence Rice

At our last monthly meeting we decided we should let the married skin divers in on a good deal. As most of you guys know the little woman (and the little one's) is usually the one who stays home while you are having a "Ball" at the beach. Well not so in the "Subaqua's"—don't get me wrong, you still have fun, but so does the better half.

We organized a little more than a year ago with the idea in mind that if we wanted to get in our share of diving, without creating hard feelings at home, we had to get the wives on our side and give them a part in the planning. Our wives not only attend the meetings, we make our monthly beach meets a family affair.

We would like to extend an invitation to all married divers in the area that want to keep peace in the family, to bring the wife to our next regular meeting. Second Thursday of every month, 7:30 P.M., Leland Stanford Jr. High School, Gym Bldg., 5871 Los Arcos, located a few blocks East of Willow and Bellflower Blvd., Los Altos, or phone ME 3-2573. ➤

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AQUATEER'S OF CANADA

By Bill Woods

Water temperature, 32°—Air temperature, minus 15°—Visibility, poor.

Once again the Aquateer's have been on the prowl, this time to the Orillia district. Leaving Camp on Saturday morning with axe in hand and doubt in mind we drove to Lake Couchiching. On arrival we found the ice to be about two feet thick and after chopping our way through it remained for yours truly to find an easy way to do the job. I fell through a weak spot.

Jim Elliott, Ted Brewer

For many of us this was our first venture under the ice and I must say that it was quite an experience.

The ice, which was so smooth on top, was just the opposite underneath, great chunks of ice penetrating deep into the water brought to mind the stalactites sometimes found in caves. It was almost as if someone had taken a rough craggy mountain and turned it upside down and then covered it with ice. ▶

Lindenhurst, New York

LONG ISLAND UNDERWATER EXPLORERS

By Joseph Berni

It was a beautiful day, wonderful for diving. Three members of our club, Bob Palmaro, Bill Benedict, myself and my wife Ginger (no woman members as yet) threw all our gear into my Ford station wagon and headed for Shinnecock inlet.

Arrival time about 9:30 A.M., the men carried all the light equipment, masks, fins, guns, camera, etc. and my wife carried all the heavy equipment, aqua-lungs, lunch, etc. (one of the many reasons why I'm for women in the club). We had a wonderful day, got quite a few large black fish, one striped bass and both Palmaro and I speared an Angler fish which weighed about 65 pounds. Bob also speared two large trigger fish, this seemed very strange that they were so far north of the warmer waters that they normally habitate. Due to the exceptionally clear water we got some nice pictures.

Also during the month I helped salvage a Buick that ran off a road into a boat canal here in Lindenhurst, N.Y. The car was in about 20 feet of water and about 1/3 of the bottom of the car was submerged in soft black mud. I had to dig into the mud about 3 feet under the front end to make it possible for me to hook the cables to the undercarriage so the car could be pulled out. Visibility was about 3 feet until I stirred up the bottom, then it was zero. ▶

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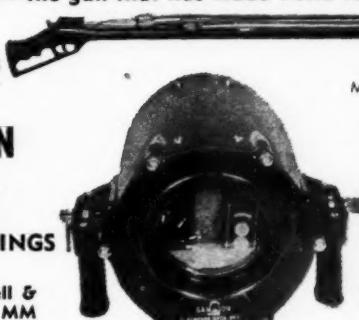
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AQUA-LUNG—1 tank, 2 stage, used once. Small rubber shirt. EX 7-0274, Los Angeles, Calif.

FOR SALE—1956 Divair complete \$95.00. Write Ed Day, 37 Hogarth Ave., Toronto, Canada.

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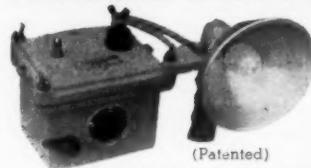
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